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by Alderman Merriam



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COVER

James McCray, designer-art director for Tempo, Inc., developed his graphic design from the statement by the Editors in the first issue (March): "The key concept is Energy . . . the focus is on People." The fingerprint represents individuality. The face is that of Nancy Paschall, a fencer's mask on her head. (See "Foil Play.")

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Actors come to Harand Hall Fencing club and take lessons, against the day they may be cast as Cyrano or Hamlet. Businessmen join the classes and stay fit. Publishing and publicity people have a theory that fencing is a specific against neuroses. Actresses and secretaries belong to the group, too: it's one of the few sports in which most men are not automatically superior to most women.

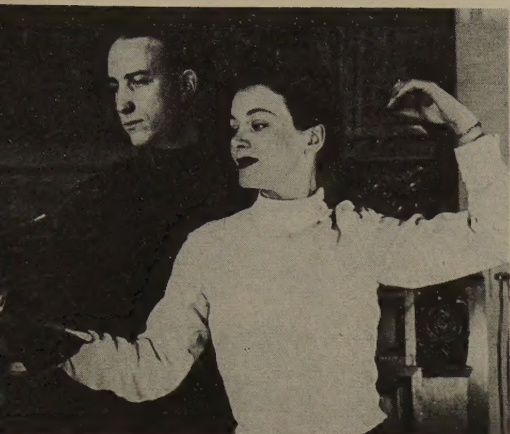
The classes, at 679 north Michigan avenue, are taught by Leon Strauss, a former Olympic fencer who is now a La Salle street stockbroker. Below, Strauss (right) engages Bob Stippe, a textbook publisher. At left, publicity man Bruce Gifford executes a lunge.



FOIL PLAY



Photographs by Don Bronstein



In the ballet-like pose at upper left, Lydia Clarke, a star in "The Seven Year Itch," gets stance instruction from Strauss. Nancy Paschall of the same theater company rests between rounds, her foil on her shoulder and an all-day lollipop in her mouth; (see cover for another view of Nancy). Above, the blunt-end practice foil bends at the instant of touch; the victim is Gifford. At right below, Stippe parries Gifford. Below left, Strauss peptalks two students: "The idea of giving without receiving is the clue to the conventions of foil play."



WHAT

GOES ON HERE



THEATER

in the loop at press time

The Seven Year Itch, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark st. (ST 2-2459). George Axelrod's comedy about a husband who plays while his wife is away. Eddie Bracken, Lydia Clarke, Louise King. Nightly at 8:30.

Time Out for Ginger, Harris, 170 n. Dearborn st. (CE 6-8240). A pleasant bit of fluff involving Melvyn Douglas, some high spirited juveniles and a football. Nightly except Sun. at 8:30, early curtain Tues. 7:30. Mat. Wed. at 2, Sat. at 2:30.

Me and Juliet, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe st. (CE 6-8240). The Rodgers and Hammerstein version of backstage life. With Isabel Bigley, Joan McCracken and Bill Hayes. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.

My Three Angels, Selwyn, 180 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Opening May 3.

Twin Beds, Great Northern, 26 w. Jackson (CE 6-8240). Opening May 10.

This Is Cinerama, Elitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph st. (An 3-0055). An exhilarating experience with a new dimension in film. Nightly Sun. thru Thurs. 8:30; Fri. 7 and 10 p.m.; Sat. 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. Mat. Mon thru Thurs. 2:30; Fri. 1 p.m.; Sat. 2:30 p.m.; Sun. 2 and 5 p.m.

little, school or otherwise

Eighth Street Theater, 741 s. Wabash av. (HA 7-6834). Nat'l. Barn Dance Show every Sat. night, 7:30 and 10.

Goodman Theater, Monroe st. and Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). "Harvey" by Mary Chase. May 14 thru 29, nightly at 8:30, except Tues., 7:30. Mat. May 27, 2:30.

Chicago Stage Guild, 640 n. State st. (WH 4-8050 evenings). Regularly scheduled production. May 26 thru 29, nightly at 8:30, except Thurs. at 7:30.

House of Drama, Mirror Room, Hamilton Hotel, 20 s. Dearborn st. (DE 7-1674). Theater-in-the-round. "Miranda," May 14, 15 at 8:30 p.m.

Lake Front Players, Suite 1230, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-0317). "Separate Rooms" by Alan Dinehart. May 1, 6-8, 13-15. Thurs. and Fri. 7:30 p.m., Sat. 8:30 p.m.

Loyola University Curtain Guild, 1320 w. Loyola av. (BR 4-3000). Original musical. May 14-17, 8:30 p.m.

Northwestern University Theater, Speech Bldg., Evanston (UN 4-1907). "The Imaginary Invalid" by Moliere. May 18-22, 8:30 p.m.

Playwrights Theater Club, 1560 n. La Salle st. (WH 3-2272). Regularly scheduled plays. Wed. thru Sun., 8:40 p.m.

Showcase Theater, 1716 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7460). Regularly scheduled productions, often with name stars. Nightly 8:30; Sun. 7:30. Mat. Wed. 2:30.

Starcradle Theater Guild, 2348½ n. Clark st. (LI 9-4799). "Nila" by Irenne Webster. Nightly, 8:30.

Univ. of Chicago Acrotheater, Mandel Hall, 57th st. at Univ. av. (MI 3-0800). "Acrodeo." Apr. 30, May 1 at 8:30 p.m.; May 2, 3:30 p.m.



MUSIC

Metropolitan Opera, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FR 2-0566). May 20 at 8 p.m.; "Faust" with Richard Tucker,

Nadine Conner, Robert Merrill, Mildred Miller. May 21 at 8 p.m., "Aida" with Blanche Thebom, Zinka Milanov, Leonard Warren. May 22 at 2 p.m., "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Frank Valentino. May 22 at 8:30 p.m., "La Boheme" with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Richard Tucker, Clifford Harvuot. May 23 at 2 p.m., "Rigoletto" with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Leonard Warren, Eugene Conley. May 23 at 8 p.m., "La Traviata" with Lucia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Jan Peerce, Robert Merrill.

Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 1, 8:30 p.m.

Zadel Skolovsky, pianist, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 2, 3:30 p.m.

Lutheran Choir, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0362). May 3, 8:15 p.m.

Alyne Dumas Lee, voice recital, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 4, 8:20 p.m.

Youth Orchestra of Greater Chicago, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 7, 8:15 p.m.

Paulist Choristers, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 11, 8:30 p.m.

Swedish Choral Society, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 16, 3 p.m.

North Side Symphony, Orchestra Hall, 220 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-0362). May 18, 8:30 p.m.

Kraft Choral Society, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). May 7, 8 p.m.

Gilbert Reese, cellist, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). May 5, 8:15 p.m.

A Cappella Choir, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). May 13, 8 p.m.

Mary Crowley, vocalist, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). May 19, 8:15 p.m.

Leonard Hawkins, baritone, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450).

May 9, 3:30 p.m.

Huel Brooks Grinn, coloratura soprano, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). May 16, 4 p.m.

Merchandise Mart Chorus, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). May 19, 8 p.m.

Chicago Park District Opera Guild, Auditorium, South Shore High School, 7647 Constance av. (HA 7-5252). "La Boheme" in English. May 2, 3 p.m.

Northwestern University, Evanston (UN 4-1900). University concert band, John Paynter conducting; Cahn Auditorium, Emerson st. at Sheridan rd., May 16, 4 p.m., free. School of Music Commencement concerts, Cahn Auditorium, May 25, 27, 8:15, free but tickets required. May Sings, Deering Meadow: women's, May 19, 7 p.m.; men's, May 21, 6:45 p.m., free.

Roosevelt College, Kimball Hall, 306 s. Wabash av. (WA 2-3580). The College Sinfonietta, May 12, 8:15 p.m.

University of Chicago, Rockefeller Chapel, 59th st. at Woodlawn av. (MI 3-0800). University Choir and members of the Chicago Symphony Orch., Bach Mass in B Minor. May 23, 3 p.m.

University of Illinois, Navy Pier (WH 4-3800). University Choir spring concert, 3rd fl. lounge, May 7, 8 p.m., free. Band Convocation, auditorium, May 20, 1 p.m., free.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

with attention to May features

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt rd. at lake front (WA 2-1428). May show: "The Astronomer's Workshop." Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tues. and Fri. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Shows Mon. thru Sat. 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Tues. and Fri. 8 p.m.; Sun. 2, 3:30 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. and Sun. **Chicago Academy of Sciences,** 2001 n. Clark st. (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.

Chicago Historical Society, Clark st. and North av. (MI 2-4600). Current exhibit: colored lithographs, American yachts of the late 19th century, by Frederick Schiller Cozzins, 1856-1928. Permanent exhibits relating to historical events in May: mementos of Admiral Dewey at Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898; memorabilia of Lincoln's funeral, May 4, 1865; pick and shovel and other items from first transcontinental railway, completed May 10, 1869. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. and holidays 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

Chicago Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). May: drawings by students of Art Institute. Permanent exhibits in anthropology, botany, geology, zoology. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

Chicago Public Library, Michigan av. between Randolph and Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Randolph st. corridor: Fifth annual exhibit of Chicago and Midwestern Bookmaking (Chicago Book Clinic), and photographs by Chicago Press Photographers' Assn. Music dept.: old popular song sheets. Weekdays

9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

John Crerar Library, 86 e. Randolph st. (AN 3-6660). History of science, technology and medicine. Mon. 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Tues.-Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Free.

George F. Harding Museum, 4853 Lake Park av. (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor and arms, ancient firearms, medieval and contemporary art. Daily 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. and Sat. Free.

Library of International Relations, 351 e. Ohio st. (SU 7-7928). Reference room open Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th st. and South Shore dr. (MU 4-1414). Re-opening in May: Wheels of Yesterday, antique automobiles in period settings. Hundreds of other fascinating science and industry exhibits. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sat. to 5:30 p.m., Sun. to 7 p.m. Free, except coal mine, Nickelodeon and Micro-world Theater.

Oriental Institute, 1155 e. 58th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 2645). Cultural objects from Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine and other ancient countries of the Near East. Weekdays 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon.; Sun. 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt rd. at lake front (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thurs., Sat., Sun.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Mother's Day Floral Display, Garfield Park Conservatory, 300 n. Central Park, and Lincoln Park Conservatory, 2400 north in Lincoln Park (HA 7-5252). May 8, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Technorama, Ill. Inst. of Technology, 33rd and State sts. (CA 5-9600). Spring open house, May 7-8, 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. **11th Annual Great Western Regional Skeet Championships,** Lincoln Park Gun Club, Diversey and Outer dr. (LI 9-6490). May 14-16, beginning 8 a.m.

Riverview Amusement Pk., 3300 n. Western av. (LA 5-2330). Opens May 19. Pk. open 11:30 a.m. to midnight; rides begin 1 p.m. Weekdays rides close 5 to 7 p.m.

DANCE

New York City Ballet, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker dr. (FI 6-0270). May 26 thru June 6, nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. and Sun., 2:30 p.m.

University of Illinois, Auditorium, Navy Pier (WH 4-3800). Orchestral Spring Concert, May 14, 8 p.m.

University of Chicago, Mandel Hall, 57th st. and University av. (MI 3-0800). Sybil Shearer, May 7, 8:30 p.m.

LECTURES

Natural History Museum, Roosevelt rd. and Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Paul G. Dailwig, dramatized lectures for adults. May subject: The Romantic Story of the Diamond. May 2, 9, 16 and 23, 2 p.m.

Loyola University, assembly hall, School



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of Law, 41 e. Pearson st. (WH 4-0800). Honors Program Lecture: "Mauriac and 'Vipers' Tangle," Winifred A. Bowman, asst. prof., Modern Languages. May 5, 4:30 p.m.

Charles R. Walgreen Lectures, Univ. of Chicago, Social Science Research bldg., room 122, 1126 e. 59th st. (MI 3-0800). "Puritanism in Old and New England," a comparative study of religious idealism in politics, Alan Simpson, asst. prof. English history, Univ. of Chicago. "The Puritan Thrust," May 10; "The Covenanted Community," May 12; "Salvation thru Separation," May 14; "The Bankrupt Crusade," May 19; "The Puritan Tradition," May 21. All lectures 4:30 p.m.

SPORTS

pro baseball

Cubs, Wrigley Field, Clark and Addison sts. (BU 1-5050). Vs. New York, May 1 (ladies' day); Pittsburgh, May 2 (double header); Brooklyn, May 4 (ladies' day), 5, 6; Milwaukee, May 21, 22, 23 (double header). Game time 1:30 p.m.

White Sox, Comiskey Park, w. 35th and s. Shields sts. (WA 4-1000). Vs. Detroit,

May 8, 9 (double header); Boston, May 11 (night game), 12; Philadelphia, May 13, 14 (night game), 15; Washington, May 16 (double header); New York, May 18 (night game), 19; Cleveland, May 25 (night game); 26. Afternoon game time 1:30 p.m.

boxing

Golden Gloves Internatl. Bouts, Chicago Stadium, 1800 w. Madison st. (SE 3-5300). May 20, 8:30 p.m.

wrestling

Wrestling Exhibition, Internatl. Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). May 7, 8:30 p.m.

horse racing

Sportsman's Park, 3301 s. Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1121). May 1-19. Apprx. post time weekdays 2 p.m., Sat. 1:30 p.m.

Lincoln Fields, Crete (Crete 4241) May 20 thru June 23.

harness racing

Maywood Park, 8600 w. on North av. (ST 2-0555). Post time 8:30 p.m.

stock car racing

Chicago Park District Police Gold Trophy Stock Car Races, Soldier Field, s. Lake Shore dr. and e. 14th st. (HA 7-5252). May 17, 2 p.m.

Chicago Auto Racing Assn., Soldier Field, s. Lake Shore dr. and e. 14th st. (HA 7-8677). May 21, 28, 30. Time trials 6:30 p.m., races 8:30 p.m.

collegiate baseball

Chicagoland College Baseball Tourn., Stagg Field at Univ. of Chicago. Participants: Lewis, Concordia, Chicago Teachers, Ill. Inst. of Technology, Aurora, Univ. of Chicago, Univ. of Ill. (Navy Pier). May 25, 28, 31.

Northwestern University, Dyche Field, Evanston (UN 4-1900). Vs. Notre Dame, May 12; Ill. Navy Pier, May 14; Purdue, May 15 (double header); Gr. Lakes, May 17. Wkday. game time 3:30 p.m., Sat. 1 p.m.

Univ. of Ill., Navy Pier, Lincoln Pk. diamond (WH 4-3800). Vs. Chicago Teachers; May 20, 2:30 p.m.

TV: local listings in brief

for children

Zoo Parade, Ch. 5, Sun., 3:30 p.m.

Super Circus, Ch. 7, Sun., 4:00 p.m.

Ding Dong School, Ch. 5, Mon. thru Fri., 9:00 a.m.

Big Top, Ch. 2, Sat., 11 a.m.

Adventure, Ch. 2, Sun., 4:00 p.m.

Nature of Things, Ch. 5, Sat. 4:30 p.m.

Mr. Wizard, Ch. 5, Sat. 5:00 p.m.

for adults

Kukla, Fran and Ollie, Ch. 5, Sun., 2:30 p.m.

Meet the Press, Ch. 5, Sun., 5:00 p.m.

You Are There, Ch. 2, Sun., 5:30 p.m.

Mr. Peepers, Ch. 5, Sun., 6:30 p.m.

Spotlight on Chicago, Ch. 9, Sun., 7 p.m.

Toast of the Town, Ch. 2, Sun., 7 p.m.

What's My Line? Ch. 2, Sun., 9:30 p.m.

Alex Dreier, Ch. 5, Sun., 10:15 p.m.

Dr. Preston Bradley, Ch. 9, Mon. thru Fri., 12:45 p.m.

The Doctor Answers, Ch. 7, Mon. thru Fri., 1:15 p.m.

Hi, Ladies!, Ch. 9, Mon. thru Fri., noon

Austin Kiplinger, Ch. 7, Mon. thru Fri., 2:45 p.m.

Bob Elson, Ch. 2, Mon. thru Fri., 6 p.m.

Studio One, Ch. 2, Mon., 9:00 p.m.

Chicago Crossroads, Ch. 5, Mon., 11 p.m.

Motorola Theater, alternating with

U. S. Steel Hour, Ch. 7, Tue., 8:30 p.m.

Tom Duggan, Ch. 7, Tue. thru Fri., 11:15 p.m.

Chicago Symphony, Ch. 9, Wed., 7:30 p.m.

Your Senator's Report, Ch. 9, Thurs., 8:15 p.m.

Ford Theater, Ch. 5, Thurs., 8:30 p.m.

TV Showcase, Ch. 9, Thurs., 9:00 p.m.

Big Story, Ch. 5, Fri., 8:00 p.m.

Down You Go, Ch. 9, Fri., 9:30 p.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Artists Equity, 1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (SU 7-2959). Tue. thru Sat. noon to 6 p.m.; Sun. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Art lending service.

Art Institute, Michigan av. at Adams st. (CE 6-7080). 27th Exhibition, Design in Chicago Printing, Gallery 11, thru May 2. Art Institute School Show, e. wing galleries, May 10-24. Photographs by

Robert Doisneau, gallery 5B, beginning May 15. Japanese screens, gallery H9, thru May 16. Japanese actor prints, gallery H-5, thru May 15. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. and holidays.

Chicago Public Library, art department, Michigan av. between Randolph and Washington sts. (CE 6-5821). Paintings by John F. Richardson, sculpture by Milton Horn. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Inst. of Design, Ill. Inst. of Tech., 632 n. Dearborn st. (DE 7-4688). 30 ft. model of aircraft hanger designed by Konrad Wachsmann. Thru May 28. Weekdays 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Chicago Galleries Assn., 2nd fl. 30 s. Michigan av., (CE 6-9646). Marine paintings by Charles Vickery, portraits and still life by Gasper Ruffolo, thru May 15. Water colors, serigraphs and color etchings, beginning May 17. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 3:45 p.m.

Adele Lawson Galleries, Palmer House, 119 s. State st., 3rd fl. (FR 2-0790). Textiles, jewelry, drawings by Madeline Tourtelot; ceramics by Mar Carter. May 7-30.

Kimball Hall, 2nd floor, north gallery, 306 s. Wabash av. (WE 9-6450). Woodcuts by Antonio Frasconi, circulated by the Smithsonian Institution. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Mandel Bros. Galleries, 1 n. State st., 8th fl. (ST 2-1500, ext. 893). 7 Chicago artists living or working in northern Indiana: Fred Biesel, Ethel Crouch Brown, Hazel Hannell, V. M. S. Hannell, Frances McVey, Yvonne Pryor, Frances Strain. Weekdays 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., Mon. and Thurs. 9:15 a.m. to 8:45 p.m.

All-Illinois Soc. of the Fine Arts, (WA 2-4400). Water colors and paintings by members, Conrad Hilton Hotel, 720 s. Michigan av., room 564-A. Water colors by members, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. and Michigan av., w. mezzanine.

Design Center, 2360 e. 71st st. (FA 4-2365). Contemporary jewelry, ceramics and original furniture design. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Mon. and Thurs. to 9:30 p.m.

Baldwin-Kingrey Gallery, 105 e. Ohio st. (SU 7-9103). Paintings by Edith Smith. **Benedict Art Gallery**, Hull House, 800 s. Halsted st. (MO 6-6005). Paintings, weaving, ceramics and enamels by Hull House Art School students. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Sat. and Sun. 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Renaissance Society, Univ. of Chicago, 108 Goodspeed hall, 1010 e. 59th st. (MI 3-0800, ext. 1218). The Artist Looks at the Scientist's World, thru May 24. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Sat. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Todros Geller Art Gallery, Board of Jewish Education, 72 e. 11th st. (HA 7-5570). Paintings by Herman Spertus, Sun.-Thurs., 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., Fri. 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sat. 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario st. (SU 7-3997). Recent graphic works by Joan Miro, paintings by José Guer-

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rero, beginning May 5. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Newman Brown Gallery, 15 e. Grand st. (WH 4-4088). Eoina Nudelman, May 1 thru 14. John Fabion, beginning May 15. Daily 3 p.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. noon to 6 p.m.

Chicago Society of Artists, 613 n. State st. (DE 7-5637). Water colors by members. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Allan Frumkin Gallery, 152 e. Superior st. (SU 7-0564). Recent paintings by Alberto Burri, thru May 15. Sculpture by Germaine Richier, first American showing, beginning May 15. Mon.-Sat. 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

House of Arts, 541 n. Michigan av. (WH 3-2571). Oils by Italian artist, poet, critic Franco Miele. Mon. thru Sat. 10:30 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Magnificent Mile Art Festival (Greater North Michigan Avenue Assn.), 664 n. Michigan av. (MI 2-3570). Tentatively May 22 thru 31.

Main Street Gallery, Main Street Book

Store, 642 n. Michigan av. (SU 7-6600). The School of Rome: paintings by Mosca, Caffè, Quaglia, Faizoni, Pagliacci, thru May 15. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Elizabeth Nelson Galleries, 109 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6994). New paintings by Rainey Bennett, thru May 14. New paintings by Clinton King, beginning May 14. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

Frank J. Oehlschlaeger, 107 e. Oak st. (SU 7-6779). New paintings and drawings by Louis Bosca. Daily 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., eves. by apptmt.

Wells Design and Ceramic Center, 1655 n. Wells st. (MO 4-0461). Contemporary weaving by Reg-Wick (Julia McVickers and Elsa Regensteiner) Robert and Marion Heard, Madge Friedman, Frances Benson and Leonore Towney. Mon.-Fri. 2 p.m. to 8 p.m., Wed. and Sat. 2 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Bramson's, 1711 Sherman av., Evanston (GR 5-0001). Paintings, Evanston Art Center. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 5:30

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Be sure to see the famous Olivetti "Lettera 22"—the *portable* portable that's 9 pounds light and 3½ inches low—yet has all important big-type-writer features. The Olivetti has been featured in many "good design" exhibits. Handsome two-tone carrying case included in the very reasonable price. The "Lettera 22" is on display at the new Olivetti store at 230 North Michigan Avenue

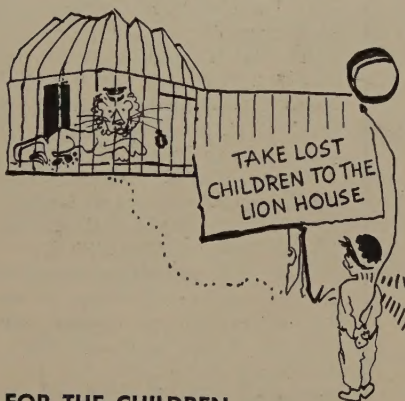


p.m. Mon. and Thurs. noon to 9 p.m.
Evanston Art Center, 800 Greenwood, Evanston (GR 5-5310). African art from the collection of William Bascom, May 2 thru 20. Paintings, sculpture, ceramics, hand-woven and hand-printed textiles by Art Center students, beginning May 23. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sun. 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Leonard Linn Galleries, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Oils and water colors by Constance and George Cohen. Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., eves. by apptmt., open house first Sun. monthly.

North Shore Art League, Winnetka Community House, 620 Lincoln av., Winnetka (WI 6-0538). Annual invitational Chicago show thru May 17, Mon.-Sat. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Avenue of Art in Highland Park, May 7 thru 16.

Northwestern University, Art dept., 2nd fl., Scott Hall, Chicago av. and Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900, ext. 230). Annual students' exhibition, May 17 thru 25. Daily 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.



FOR THE CHILDREN

of special interest

Together with the robin and the crocus, the skitter and click of marbles came to Chicago parks early in April, this year. In some forty local parks, youngsters sorted themselves out into Junior and Midget classifications and gathered competitively around official circles. Winners in neighborhood tournaments have gone on to Area competition, and the most dextrous will now determine city-wide championships at Douglas

park. At one time, contestants in this Park district project played for keeps. Now, however, the game is for glory — glory and a handsome trophy. The competition is none the less fierce.

City-Wide Marble Tournament, Finals, Douglas Pk., 19th st. and Albany, Sponsored by Chicago Pk. Dist., Sat. May 1, 10:30 a.m.

theater

Evanston Children's Theater, (Address mail orders for tickets to Children's Theater, School of Speech, Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill.): Haven School, Prairie at Lincoln, for children in elementary and intermediate grades. "Robin Hood," Sat., May 1 and 8 at 10 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.; Fri., May 7 at 2:45 p.m. Nicholas School, Greenleaf at Elmwood, for pre-school and primary grade children. "The House at Pooh Corner," Sat., May 15 and 22 at 10 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.

Goodman Memorial Theater, e. Monroe st. and Columbus dr., (CE 6-2337). "Rip Van Winkle," Sat., May 1, 8, 15, 22 at 2:30 p.m.; one Sat. morning performance, May 8 at 10:30; Sun., May 2, 9, 16, 23 at 3 p.m.

Jack and Jill Players, Kimball Hall, 25 e. Jackson blvd., Room 1422 (WA 2-0317). For grade school students: "Sunny," a children's operetta. Sat. May 1, 15, 22, 29 at 3 p.m. For all students: Room 1230. "Little Women," Fri., May 21, Sat., May 22 at 7:30 p.m.; Sun., May 23 at 3:30 p.m.

Showcase Theater, 1718 Central st., Evanston (DA 8-7440). "Cinderella," a musical play. Every Sat. during May at 1:30 p.m.

other entertainment

The Chicago Historical Society, n. Clark st. at North av., (MI 2-4600). "Museum Mornings," a series of illustrated talks for children, given on certain Saturdays, supplementing social science curriculum in Chicago schools. Admission to talks is by free tickets, which may be obtained thru school or at the museum. Subject: "Tomahawk to Television — Our Heritage — Fort Dearborn to the Merchandise Mart," Sat., May 8, 15, 22 at 10 a.m. Admission to the museum is free to children, students and teachers. For further

information regarding children's programs inquire at the museum.

Hawthorn Melody Farm, Rt. 21, Milwaukee av., 3 miles south of Libertyville (BE 5-5600). This attractive spot offers a zoo, milking parlor, country store, club of champions, show barn for champion cattle, a lake for picnics. Hostess is available for group tours by appointment. Weekdays, noon to 5:30 p.m.; Sun., 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.; free Mon. thru Fri.

Brookfield Zoo, 14 miles west of the Loop, in Brookfield, Ill. (HU 5-0263). Approximately 2000 specimens: mammals, birds, reptiles and amphibians, are seen here in backgrounds resembling their natural habitat. In May the children's zoo will re-open. This is a fenced-in, 2½-acre plot where children may mingle with and touch domestic and baby animals. Adults are also admitted to this area.

Lincoln Park Zoo, 2200 north in Lincoln Park, (LI 9-3009). This excellent zoo is readily accessible to city dwellers and has 2500 specimens for visitors to enjoy.

The Trailside Museum of Natural History, in Thatcher's Wood forest preserve, 738 Thatcher rd., River Forest (FO 9-6530). Specializes in small animals, alive and stuffed, indigenous to this area. Open 10 a.m. to noon; 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Closed Thursdays.

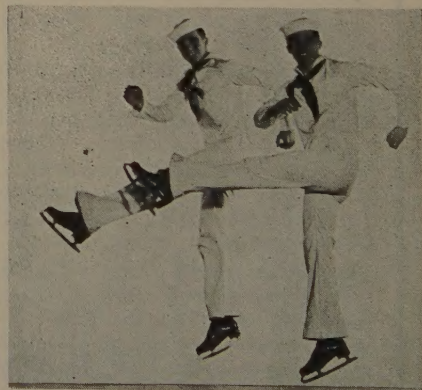
DINING OUT

with entertainment and/or dancing

Balinese Room, Blackstone, 636 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-4300). The trios of Hal Otis or George Metz provide music for dining and dancing in this pleasant rendezvous. Noon til 1 a.m. Sat. til 2 a.m.

Black Orchid, Rush at Ontario st. (MO 4-6666). Showcase for some of the freshest talent in show business. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows from 9:30 p.m.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush st. (SU 7-5060). Calypso shows, and a Monday Night Sing Along. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Shows 9:30 p.m., midnight, 2 a.m.



Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton, 720 s. Michigan av. (WA 2-4400, for reservations, ask for Phil). "Skating Headlines" in its fifth month of popularity. Also Frankie Masters and orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. and midnight. Family mat., Sun. at 4. **The Buttery**, Ambassador West, n. State

Here's what they're saying about THE BOULEVARD ROOM

NATE GROSS, Chicago American

"The best floor show in town is 'Skating Headlines' at the Boulevard Room of The Conrad Hilton."

SAM LESNER, Daily News

"'Skating Headlines' makes its own headlines by turning out to be an exceedingly handsome, vibrantly alive musical show."

BILL LEONARD, Chicago Tribune

"'Skating Headlines', fifteenth ice musical on the boulevard, is one of the brightest and fastest to date."

CHARLIE DAWN, Chicago American

"'Skating Headlines' is the best of any ice show The Conrad Hilton has presented."

For reservations, call "Phil" — WAbash 2-4400

THE *Conrad Hilton*

st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American group beat out the rhythms for dancing in this elegant little room. Noon to 2 a.m., dancing after 9.

Camellia House, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Recently redesigned by Dorothy Draper. Superb French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks ct. (DE 7-3434). The immutable Sophie Tucker opens May to be followed by Nat King Cole. Open evenings til 4 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. and midnight, late show Sat. 2:15 a.m.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman Hotel, Randolph and Clark sts. (FR 2-2100). Chuck wagon stew or prime steaks. Ray Blanco, guitarist. Noon to 1 a.m.



Empire Room, Palmer House, State and Monroe sts. (RA 6-7500, for reservations ask for Fritz). Mata and Hari, satirical dancers, and singer Yvonne Adair are in the current "Parade of Stars." 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. Shows 8:30 p.m. and midnight.

Glass Hat, Congress Hotel, 500 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). Chef Amato Ferrero, Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" all make dining and dancing here a pleasant venture. 5:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.

The Glass House, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). Johnny Gilbert's music for dancing. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m., Sat. til 3 a.m.

Lotus Room, La Salle Hotel, La Salle and Madison sts. (FR 2-0700). Tropical flowers and Charlie Agnew's band. 11:30 a.m. to 1 a.m., dancing after 9:30.

Marine Dining Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 n. Sheridan rd. (LO 1-6000). Spacious and beautiful, with good food and shows. Open to 2 a.m. Shows at 8:30 and 11 p.m., Sats. 8:30 and 11:30 p.m.

The Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, n. State st. at Goethe st. (SU 7-7200). Dine a la flaming sword in this celebrity-society spot. David Le Winter and orchestra play for dancing. Noon to 2 a.m.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck Hotel, 171 w.

Randolph st. (CE 6-0123). In a modern Alpine setting, the violin of Endre Oskay, backed by his fine orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m. No cabaret tax.

DINING OUT

with atmosphere

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams st. (HA 7-3170). Corned beef and cabbage, Thüringer sausage and other fine German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Binyon's, 327 s. Plymouth ct. (WE 9-8498). This tavern-like eating place has a good German menu. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Closed Sun.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 n. Rush st. (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 5:30 to 9:30 p.m.

Blackhawk Restaurant, 139 n. Wabash av. (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace. Candle-light Lounge for cocktails and hot hors d'oeuvres. 11 a.m. to 12:30 a.m.

Boston Oyster House, Hotel Morrison, 79 w. Madison st. (FR 2-9600). Quiet colonial surroundings in the middle of the Loop. Sea food, steaks or chops. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

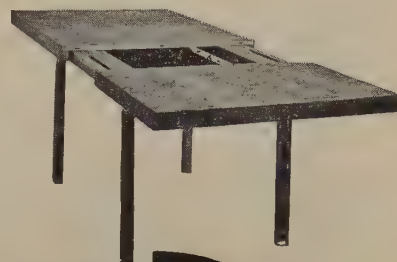
Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton st. (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes and seasonal game offerings. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Closed Sun.

Cafe de Paris, 1260 n. Dearborn pkwy. (WH 4-5620). Delectable French fare in a gay Gallic setting. 5 to 11 p.m.

The Cameo, 115 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-1200). Decorative diners and dinners.

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wide selection of modern furniture, lamps accessories, direct importers SU 7-9103
105 east ohio — 540 north michigan



the solid slab table which stores its own two 20" extension leaves

curly or natural birch or mahogany finish 35 1/2 x 54 1/2 to 90 1/2 39 1/2 x 75 to 114 1/2 sizes



SPECULATORS NEED NOT APPLY!

There are two good methods of avoiding the full burden of Federal Income Taxes. One way is to speculate for a substantial capital gain — in stocks, or commodities or real estate. IF you win, then your maximum tax rate on the gain is about 25% and you can keep about 75%.

The other method has been followed by *conservative individuals* for years and years — and they *always* gain. They invest their funds in State and Municipal Bonds, the interest from which is completely exempt from all Federal Income Tax.

This type of investment security (second only to U.S. Government Bonds in safety of principal and regularity of interest payments) nowadays may return the investor as much as 3 1/2% and *all* of it is yours. You don't share it with Uncle Sam.

If you are in an upper income bracket with net taxable income of \$26,000 to \$32,000, for example, the exempt interest from State and Municipal Bonds, say at the annual rate of 3 1/2%, is equal to a return of 9.2% from a taxable security.

Take advantage of the peace of mind and tax exemption afforded by State and Municipal Bonds! Mail this coupon to JOHN NUVEEN & CO., the oldest and largest underwriter of State and Municipal Bonds exclusively. Your inquiry will not obligate you in any way.

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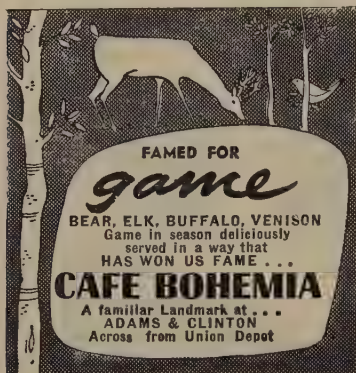
CITY _____ STATE _____

Noon to 1 a.m.

Cape Cod Room, Drake Hotel, Lake Shore dr. at Michigan av. (SU 7-2200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight.

Don the Beachcomber, 101 e. Walton pl. (SU 7-8812). Here's how to take a short trip to the tropics without leaving home. Exotic rum-base drinks and Cantonese cuisine. 4 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Emerald Room, Graemere Hotel, 3400 w. Washington blvd. (VA 6-7600). West



chicago, continental, u.s.a.

figaro's lounge

vii east oak street
michigan 2-7964

music by seeburg

Chicago

will feature

in its June issue:

WHAT THE
INTELLIGENT CHICAGOAN
SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

THE HYDROGEN BOMB

by a top atomic scientist.

plus

OTHER FEATURES,
FICTION, DEPARTMENTS

at your news-stand,
the last Friday of May

Siders favor this emerald and ivory room. 7 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.

Erie Cafe, 658 n. Wells st. (WH 4-9101). Relaxed and refreshing atmosphere. 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays.

Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room, Palmolive bldg., 919 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-0606). Harvey food in a striking modern setting. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Sundays, 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph st. (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good and generous cooking. 8 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark st. (DE 7-2020). The city's oldest sea food restaurant. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Isbell's, 940 n. Rush st. (DE 7-3500). A popular Near North spot. 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario st. (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual in this elegant show place. Reservations are necessary for the extraordinary puppet show in the miniature Grand Opera theater. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan av. (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and select wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. Noon to 11 p.m.

Jules', 814 w. 71st st. (AB 4-1652). Famous "hand me down" French and Creole recipes receive careful attention here. Noon to 12:30 a.m. Closed Tuesdays.

L'Aiglon, 22 e. Ontario st. (DE 7-6070). A charming Victorian mansion where French dishes and Southern-style sea food head the menu. Noon to midnight.

London House, 360 n. Michigan av. (AN 3-6920). Gathering place for advertising, radio and TV personnel. 7:30 a.m. to 1 a.m.

Pompeian Lounge, Congress Hotel, 520 s. Michigan av. (HA 7-3800). A classic marble hall. Open for luncheon 11 a.m. to 1 p.m., for cocktails in the evening.

Rib Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 n. Sheridian rd. (LO 1-6000). Devoted to serving the best in beef any way you like it. For men only, noon to 2:30 p.m.; ladies welcome 2:30 to 2 a.m.

Riccardo's, 437 n. Rush st. (WH 4-8815). The walls of this Italian specialty spot offer a changing display of paintings by Chicago artists. 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.

St. Hubert's Grill, 316 s. Federal st. (WE 9-8770). Jolly Old English surroundings and red coated waiters. Noon to midnight.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd and Halsted sts. (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin Room is "where a steak is born." There's also the Matador Room. 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Well of the Sea, Sherman Hotel, Clark and Randolph sts. (FR 2-2100). Sea food and sea life dominate the menu and decor. Noon to 1 a.m.

DINING OUT

well worth the drive

Anderson's, 109 s. 5th av., Maywood (FI 3-9576). Where local gentry and friends meet for good American fare. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Behm's, Milwaukee av. (U.S. 21), Wheeling (Wheeling 111). As friendly as an old-fashioned family gathering. Noon to 10:30 p.m.

The Chalet, 425 Waukegan rd. near County Line, Northbrook (Northbrook 135). Geschneitzlets with spaetzle. Weekdays 4 p.m. til midnight. Sat. 5 p.m. til 1 a.m. Sun. 12:30 p.m. to midnight.

Czech Lodge, 2519 s. Des Plaines av., North Riverside (RI 7-9786). After a day at Brookfield Zoo, rest here and be rewarded. 5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

The Evergreens, 203 n. 8th st. (Rt. 31) W. Dundee (Dundee 958) Sometimes crowded, but worth waiting for a table. Noon to midnight except Sat., noon to 1 a.m.

The Greenhouse, North av. and Lake st., Elmhurst (Elmhurst 5153). This is the place where dinner is served in the conservatory. Noon to 9 p.m.

Al Knapp's, 1052 Indianapolis blvd. (U. S. 20), Roby, Ind. (Whiting 1570). A shirt sleeve atmosphere. Sea food, lake perch or steaks, all served with generous side dishes. Noon to 11 p.m. Closed Sundays.

The Little Traveler, 404 s. 3rd st., Geneva (Geneva 3200). A charming gift shop and tea room. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Closed Sundays.

Klas' Restaurant, 5734 w. Cermak rd., Cicero (OL 2-0759). A substantial bit of old Bohemia in both motif and menu. 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m.

The Milk Pail, e. River rd. (State 25), near East Dundee (Elgin 5112). A fine stop for countryside explorers and lovers of fish, fowl, game and country foods. 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Mill Race Inn, 4 e. State st., Geneva (Geneva 2030). Down by the old mill stream, on the site of a blacksmith shop, with the mill adjoining. 11:45 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The Old Barn, State rd. at 82nd st., Oaklawn (Oaklawn 333). Reservations are a must, but the food is worth judicious planning. Noon to midnight.

Old Spinning Wheel, 421 Ogden av. (U. S. 34), Hinsdale (Hinsdale 80). If you like American antiques, seek out this charming log cabin. Noon to 8 p.m.

Plentywood Farm, Church rd., Bensenville (Bensenville 250). Don't let the collection of penny banks fool you, the food is not that cheap. But it's ample and appetizing at a reasonable price. Noon to 8 p.m.

Phil Smidt and Son, 1205 n. Calumet av., Hammond, Ind. (Whiting 25 or 26). So popular you might have a long wait here on Friday night or Sunday. Fish, frog legs, lobsters, chicken or steaks. Weekdays 11:45 a.m. to 11 p.m. Sun. 1:30 to 10:30 p.m.

Swedish Tea Room, 11 n. 5th st., Geneva (Geneva 4144). Another of Geneva's well-frequented eating places, this one features smorgasbord luncheons and Swedish dishes. 11:45 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Vogel's, 1250 Indianapolis blvd. (U. S. 20), Whiting, Ind. (Whiting 1250). Impressive surroundings. Perch fresh from the Lakes are the house specialty. 11 a.m. to midnight.

Wenzlaff's, Milwaukee av. (U. S. 45), Wheeling (Wheeling 129). The menu goes from Wiener schnitzel to whitefish, with plenty in between. Noon to 10 p.m.

The magic
whispers...



*When Grandpa tucked you between his knees,
you knew you were going to listen again to
his wonderful watch—to hear its magic
tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .*

*And as you listened, those measured whispers of
time shut away the world, leaving you close to
Grandpa, secure in his love.*

From fathers and mothers to sons and daughters passes
the lifeblood of happiness—security. The privilege of
providing it for those we love can be found only in a
land like ours.

And another wonderful thing is this: By realizing this
privilege of freedom for ourselves, we achieve the security
of our country. For, think—the strength of America is
simply the strength of one secure home touching that
of another.



**Saving for security is easy! Read every word—
now!** If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it
was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a sav-
ings system that really works—the Payroll Savings
Plan for investing in Savings Bonds.

This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office,
choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dol-
lars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money
will be set aside for you before you even draw your
pay. And automatically invested in Series E U. S.
Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9
years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30. If you
can save as much as \$18.75 a week, 9 years and 8
months will bring you \$10,700!

For your sake, and your family's, too, how about
signing up today?

The U. S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the
Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

Illustrated by Winnie Fitch

*"As far as I can see,"
said the young clubman,
"there's nothing worth
looking at, and nobody
worth knowing, anywhere
west of the Water Tower."*



Disc Joker

▪ The juke box in Figaro's Lounge at Oak and Rush streets has some unusual records, the result of a lot of record shop research by the bar's owner, Harry Polos. He used to put signs on the juke box recommending certain selections and giving capsule reviews of others. But recently, when these guideposts had lost their novelty, Mr. Polos pulled a switch. He took all the names of the songs off the face of the machine, and posted instead the following dare: "Live Dangerously. Pick 'em Blind."

Afternoon in a Dog's Life

▪ One of the fugitives still at large from the recent city edict ordering the impounding of the several thousand stray dogs in town was a four footed character of gray-white coloration who was first seen emerging into north Dearborn street from an alley between Ohio and Ontario streets one weekday morning. He had a lean and hungry look. His ribs showed under his short-haired coat of fur. He had the quick, furtive movements of the harried, like an alcoholic caught on the streets at mid-morning with a ravening need for a quick one.

The dog came to an indecisive stop at the mouth of the alley behind the Pasadena Hotel and looked out warily at the passing traffic on the street. He diverted his attention momentarily to the base of a rain spout running down the brick wall, sniffed at it abstractedly, looked south down Dearborn

street, then turned and trotted north along the fence of the Commonwealth Edison Company toward the corner of Ontario and Dearborn. He had a kind of disjointed, lop-sided gait as though the ball and socket of his right rear hip was out of joint, making him swivel his hindquarters to overcome the annoyance.

At the corner he inspected the base of the yellow traffic control box, sniffing at it nervously and impatiently before giving it that physical approbation which dogs pay to permanently installed outdoor fixtures. It was a rationed approval, discreet yet adequate, neither wasteful nor foolishly generous.

A passing convertible with a muffler cutout startled him away from his offices and seemed to impel him into a headstrong trot in a kitty-cornered direction across Dearborn street to the east sidewalk going north. He ran past a row of rooming houses and turned into the last one, a blind passageway at 639 north Dearborn, where he stopped, appraised his situation, then turned and went out onto the sidewalk again.

Now, continuing north on the sidewalk, he passed by the Bell Telephone building where he stopped briefly at a gingerale bottle standing near the curb. He inspected it quickly, then paused as though undecided whether to approve of it or not, finally decided against it and continued to the corner of Erie and Dearborn. Coming around the corner of the Bell Telephone building he was struck by a gust of wind carrying a shower of soot and newspaper scraps which made him back away from the wall and head out toward the curb of Erie street.

■ He trotted east toward State street, then decided to cross over to the north side of Erie where an alley ran behind the Sinclair Greasing Station. As he crossed the street a U. S. Mail truck bore down upon him and he scrambled quickly out of the way, casting an aggrieved look back at it as he entered the narrow alley.

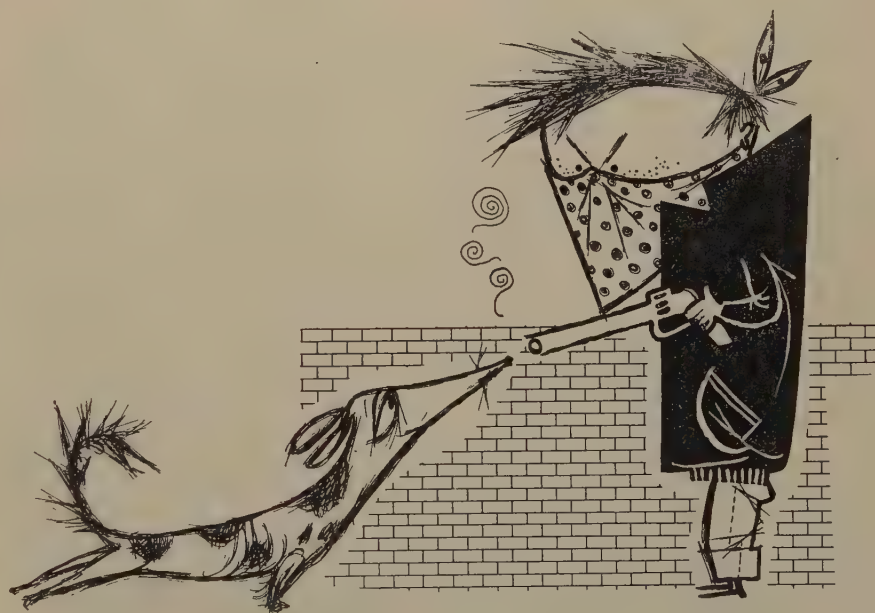
He ran along the side wall of the National Headquarters of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America building, over some smashed Pabst beer cans on the alley floor, without stopping until he came to a telephone pole at the rear of the Sinclair garage. A number of items interested him

there. He sniffed quickly, each in its turn, at some spark plugs, some broken bottle fragments, an empty can of Casite and a blackened grease-stained rag. His investigative occupations were marked by an importunate attention. He sniffed these articles distractedly, impatiently, not so much it seemed from personal curiosity as much as from an obligation to his office as an inspector of the world's objects. His quest for something to eat, pressing and urgent tho it appeared, seemed yet a secondary consideration.

■ There was a turn in the alley where it ran east past the backs of three and four story dwellings to State street. The dog followed it along a series of wooden fences, at one point

lot on the corner of Huron and State. There were pools of water in depressions in the ground and some pigeons were strutting around them. As the dog approached the pigeons were startled away and they flapped their wings noisily over his head, which startled him into a crazy breaking retreat back into the alley.

■ He trotted on out the mouth of the alley and crossed State street in the sooty wake of a passing streetcar; nudged himself between two parked cars and came to a halt on the sidewalk before Sam's Super Mart at 660 north State. He seemed undecided which way to go. A Philip Morris advertising poster pasted over some boards between Sam's place and the building next door caught his eye



entering the hard-packed, asphalt-like dirt floor of a back yard. He inspected and approved of a rusted oil drum garbage can at the rear of a flat building fronting on Erie street. Turning to leave, he stopped to harken to the distant sound of another dog barking. He lifted his alert, narrow face for a moment and sniffed the air. When the sound died, he again resumed his nervous foraging, his nose leading him on an erratic trail out again into the alley.

He followed the alley toward State street, entering the rear of a parking

and he padded over and inspected the wood on which it was hung. Giving the base of the boards a quick approval, he trotted on north over the subway grating in the sidewalk to the corner of Huron street where a traffic sign with a black arrow pointing west read: *One Way*. The dog turned east in Huron and trotted on toward Wabash avenue.

In the middle of the block he crossed the street to the north side where he ran along the blackened grass of the parkway. He stopped to examine an empty Pream can that

was lying in the dirt, nudged it with his nose and, finding it inanimate, continued to the corner. He crossed to the south east side of Wabash avenue and continued in a southerly direction past the steps of Saint James Church, skirting a pool of water on the sidewalk which led him out into the gutter of the street.

Approaching him from the sidewalk were two small boys in leather jackets and blue jeans, each of them armed with six shooter cap pistols. Sighting the dog, they whipped out the pistols from their jackets and started firing away at him, the retorts of the caps cracking sharply in the morning air. The dog, startled, outraged, leaped out further into the street; and then in a wide, curving run, beat a fast escape away from them along the pavement and over the grass of the parkway and around the corner of the American College of Surgeons building and east into Erie street. The boys, delighted, jumped up and down and then ran after him to the corner. By the time they got there the dog was already running swiftly down the block; and they saw him cross the street to the south side of Erie, finally darting into a lot near the corner where he disappeared from their view past the fence with the sign, *Private Property*, on it.

Goose Island

▪ A great deal of printer's ink has been expended lately on detailed historical and statistical descriptions of local communities, particularly since a survey published by the University of Chicago made the source material so readily available.

This is all to the good, but a community whose distinctions are second to none has unaccountably been overlooked. That community is Goose Island, the only island within the interior of the city, the only neighborhood that has a street running all the way over the top of it without ever coming to earth, the only community with just two paved streets, and the only one that houses the Goose Island Dolls' House.

Goose Island exists because the north branch of the Chicago river

splits into two channels just north of Chicago avenue and comes together again at North avenue.

Here is the island's statistical profile, as shown in the 1950 census:

It has a population of 1,025. Where these people live is a mystery, since even the most thoro inspection of the area fails to reveal any buildings that look like homes. There are 101 males for every 100 females on Goose Island, and 45 per cent of the population is Negro. Ninety per cent of the people live in regular households.

The median monthly rent is \$24. The percentage of dwelling units which lack water or a bathroom or are dilapidated is 74.

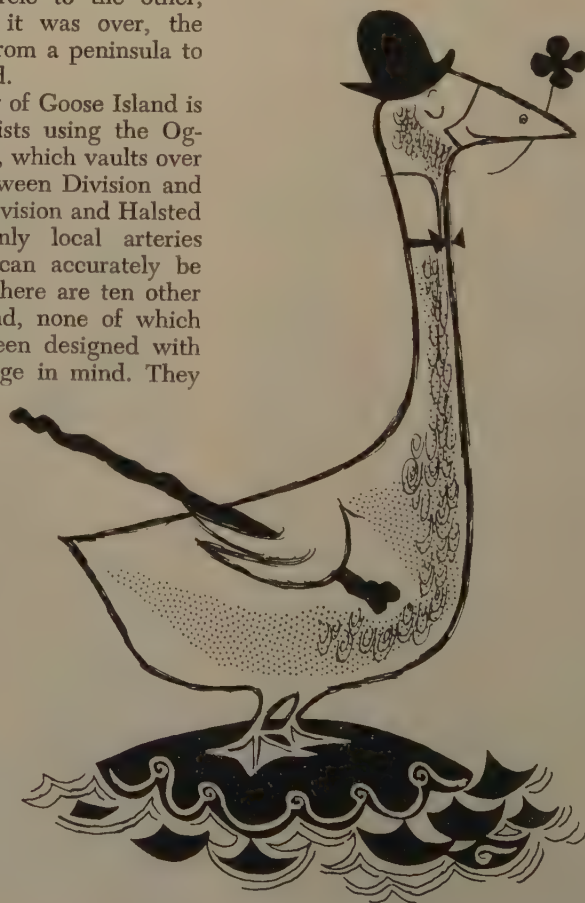
▪ Mere figures, however, cannot capture the true flavor of Goose Island. Before the late 1850's, the river did not split; it simply flowed to the west of what is now the island in a sort of semicircle. Then the Chicago Land Co., a brick manufacturing firm, began digging clay to provide the raw materials for its product. The digging proceeded in a straight line from one end of the semicircle to the other, and by the time it was over, the area had evolved from a peninsula to a full-fledged island.

A bird's-eye view of Goose Island is obtained by motorists using the Ogden avenue viaduct, which vaults over the community between Division and Chestnut streets. Division and Halsted streets are the only local arteries which have what can accurately be called pavement. There are ten other streets on the island, none of which appears to have been designed with the horseless carriage in mind. They

are North Branch, Cherry, Hickory, Hooker, Haines, Bliss, Evergreen, Eastman, Blackhawk and Weed. The island is linked to the mainland by four bridges and one railroad span.

In 1900 the Division street bridge at the east side of the island collapsed. The bridge had been formed by floating a scow in the middle of the channel and placing two sections of old bridges between the scow and the banks. One day the scow sank and the entire makeshift span went to the bottom of the river.

▪ Goose Island's name does not derive directly from its insular topography nor from the fact that it once counted a large number of geese among its residents. It was called by its present name before it ever became an island. In the early 1850's, there was a very small island of yellow clay further south near Wolf Point, where the north branch of the river joins the main channel. Nearby, in the area where the Merchandise



Mart now stands, was a community of Irish immigrants called Kilgobbin. The Irish were great goose keepers. And the geese loved to sun themselves on the little clay island in the river. The island thus obtained their name, and soon the name had spread to Kilgobbin itself. Later the Irish community drifted north to what is now Goose Island, and the name went with it. When the community actually became an island, the Chicago Land Co. dubbed it Ogden Island, in honor of William B. Ogden, who was Chicago's first mayor, a trustee of the company, and at one time owner of most of the land on Goose Island. The earlier name survived, however, and that of the city's first chief executive is now commemorated only by the street that rises above the community.

■ Tho no longer an important residential community, Goose Island today is certainly an outstanding industrial area. Its streets and railroad tracks are lined with factories and wholesale houses of every kind.

The greatest, perhaps the only, tourist attraction on Goose Island is the Dolls' House. This establishment is a tavern operated as a private club with a buzzer on the door and without a neon sign or any other external evidence that it is anything but a decrepit two-story frame building. The proprietor is an old man named Joe who talks very little and wears sleeve garters. He was born and still lives in the apartment upstairs.

The tavern's name is less obscurely derived than that of the island on which it is located. Joe decorates his place with displays of hundreds of costumed dolls which he changes periodically to mark the various holidays of the year.

Ready

■ The ugly spectacle of shots being fired from the gallery that occurred recently in the U.S. House of Representatives is one untoward happening that will never befall the Chicago City Council. Gunmen wouldn't dare undertake such an assault on the local legislative body. Their fire might be returned from the floor.

TIME CAPSULE

25 YEARS AGO: In May, 1929, Robert M. Hutchins, the newly appointed boy president of the University of Chicago, arrived in the city to begin his revolutionary regime on the Midway . . . **The city** was still governed by an ordinance passed in 1917 setting forth the proper standards of decency in female bathing suits. Numerous violations were expected, and Dorsey Crowe, then as now an alderman, asked that the city council determine public sentiment on the issue so that a realistic law could be passed before the beach season began . . . **Plans were** announced for what would have been the world's tallest building, a 75-story structure called the Crane Tower. The site chosen was the air rights over the Illinois Central at Randolph where the Prudential building is rising now . . . **The RKO Palace** was drawing capacity crowds with an all-vaudeville show featuring shimmy dancer Gilda Grey and Olson and Johnson.

50 YEARS AGO: May, 1904, saw the city's largest policy racket operation, the "Red and Green," closed by a series of raids . . . **The scarcity** of teachers in the public schools was so great that the school board had to advertise for them for the first time in history . . . **Fourteen plays** were running in the Loop, with Anna Held starring in "Mlle. Napoleon" at the Illinois Theater . . . **The State Street Improvement** association was formed with the ob-

jective of transforming the artery into one of the best paved, cleanest and handsomest business thoroughfares in the world . . . **Forces led** by Charles S. Deneen overcame those headed by William J. Lorimer in a hotly-contested Republican primary election . . . **The Cubs**, then known as the Colts and quartered in pre-Wrigley field on the West Side, were tied for first place in the National league at the end of the month. They featured the redoubtable infield combination of Tinker to Evers to Chance. **The White Sox**, still sometimes referred to as the "White Stockings," were fifth in the American league on Memorial Day.

75 YEARS AGO: The city was rocked in May, 1879, by the sensational murder of Theodore B. Weber, a prominent man about town, in a Loop law office. He was shot by a woman . . . **Carter Harrison**, the elder, began his first term as mayor . . . **The Chicago and Alton** opened the first direct railroad line between Chicago and Kansas City . . . **The Chicago Trades** council held a mass meeting on the West Side, demanding that the work day be reduced to eight hours in order to provide jobs for the unemployed . . . **The Western Gas** association met at the Tremont House. Speakers unanimously expressed the opinion that electric lights were impractical and would offer the gas lamps no real competition in the foreseeable future.



The Unknown Man with the Added Hepatica

■ Somewhere in the city there's a man whose character and destiny have been deciphered from his casually opened palm, without his knowledge. He was one of a group of pedestrians waiting out the red light at State and Adams recently, when the watchful lens of a camera focused on one detail — their hands ("Street Corner Tales Told by Hand," April).

This man's hand was different from all the others. His right palm swung loosely back against his coat to reveal skin creases and perhaps the scar tissue of an old wound. The very open-handedness seemed to suggest special treatment. Did those lines crisscrossing the palm indicate anything in particular?

Mme. Cornelia de Haas, a practicing palmist for thirty-seven years, said yes with alacrity. In her official role

at Jacques' Restaurant, 900 north Michigan avenue, she has been a kind of court reader to such guests as Eleanor Roosevelt, the three Barrymores, Harold Ickes and Sheriff John Babb over the past eighteen years.

An unidentified photograph posed no special problems for her. She recalled interpreting the hand of William Heirens, now serving a sentence for the murder of Suzanne Degnan, from a similar closeup. ("His hand showed clearly that he was under the evil influence of some man. But there was an upward curve in the heart line. Heirens may marry in his late twenties. By the time he reaches thirty-five or forty he will devote himself entirely to science.")

■ Mme. de Haas, a merry-eyed woman with hair the color of old pewter, takes obvious delight in her work. She shares the belief of most practitioners that the mind leaves its imprint on the palms — the left hand revealing the subconscious and the

inherited, the right hand the conscious and the actually achieved.

To palmists the open hand resembles a relief map, with five main lines and numerous tributaries running thru it. There are seven mountains or fulnesses in it, the most notable being Venus (the ball of the thumb), Saturn, Neptune, Apollo and Mercury (at the base of each finger). The relation of the lines to each other and to these mountains determines the person's fortune. Mme. de Haas was quick to caution that palmists do not forecast the future; they merely uncover the outlines of a man's fate, within which he must work.

By conservative estimates palmistry is at least three thousand years old. It was practiced in ancient Egypt and China and is in wide use today among one caste of Brahmins in India. Palmists like Bennett and Cheiro, under whom Mme. de Haas studied in New York, have brought it to a point of modern refinement.

Turning to the anonymous photo-

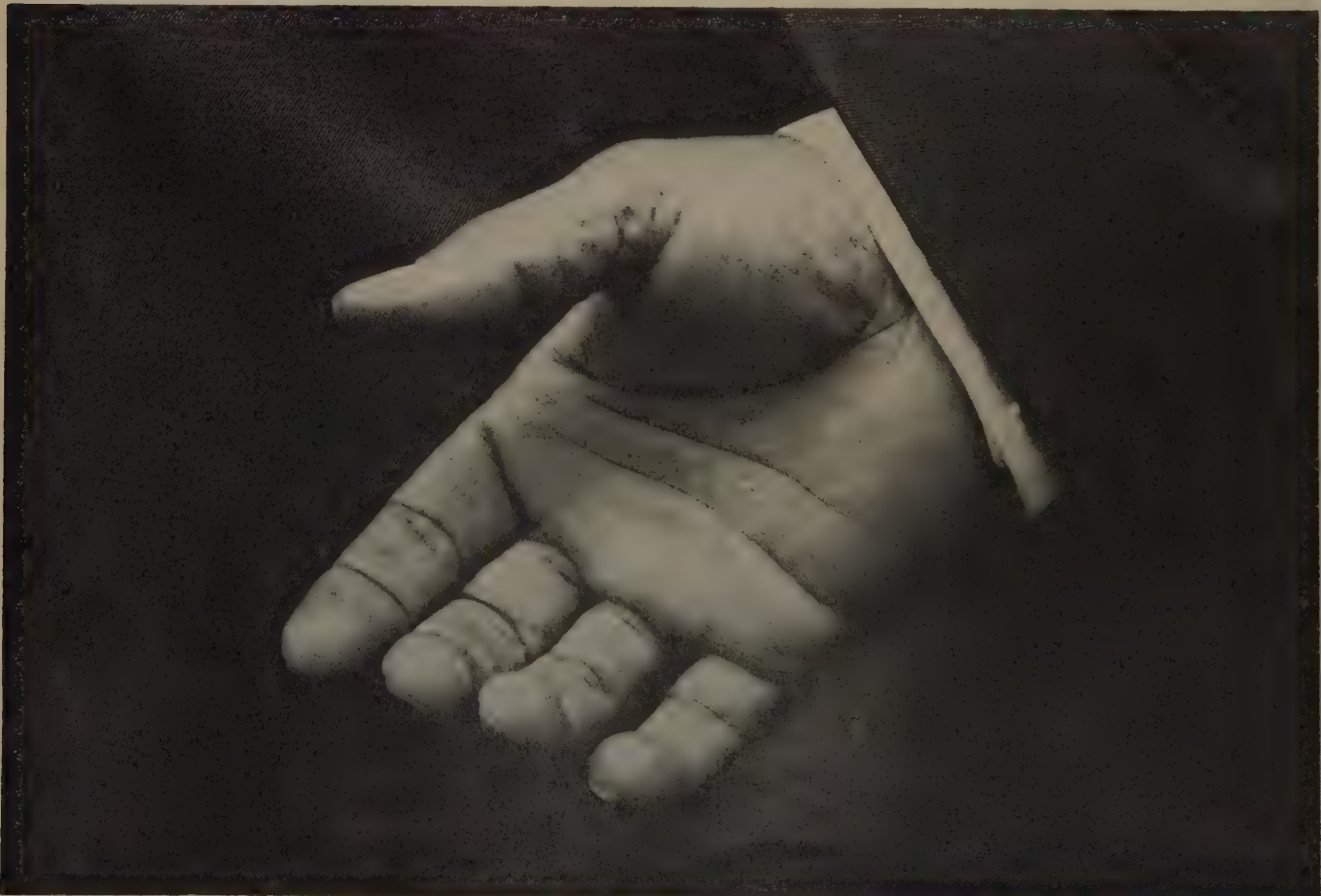


PHOTO BY LEN GITTLEMAN

graph Mme. de Haas found it as easy to read as the topmost "E" on an oculist's chart. "The long heart line,"—pointing to a crease just below the fingers—"shows he's extremely courageous and determined. You don't often see that extending way across the palm."

She traced the head line just below it. "This man was a very bright boy—grew up by the time he was ten. The fullness at the base of his fingers shows that he likes people. Looks like his father, but he has his mother's character."

■ She was especially intrigued by what she called the "added hepatica." This was a short line parallel to the health line at the base of the thumb. "I see that so often these days; it never used to appear. It means an extension of life. This man should normally live to seventy-eight, but with the added hepatica he'll live many years beyond that."

His occupation? She would not venture to say. "But at one period of his life he dealt extensively with the public. Travels a lot between here and the West Coast."

A patron of Jacques' paused at the table. "You can believe everything she tells you," she said approvingly, then swept into the bar.

Mme. de Haas was reaching the fine print on the chart. "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but—" She hesitated. "His deepest love will come after fifty. A widow with a child. Beginning with his forty-eighth year he will live more intensely."

It was a cheering prospect: extensive travel, growing responsibilities, mature love. Mme. de Haas liked the set of his thumb. "Low slung. You can't push him around." She smoothed a fold of her satin gown, then prepared to rise.

The picture reminded her of a remark of Dr. Charlotte Wolf's. She was a psychiatrist who had begun by studying the hands of apes and had progressed to those of children. "It's the big-thumbed people who take care of the world," repeated Mme. de Haas, edging toward the dining room.

Editor's note: If the man whose hand is pictured and described here can identify himself to the satisfaction of the Editors, they will stake him to a reading of his left palm.



But Who Soothes the Soothsayer's Soothsayer?

■ The never-ending search for new superlatives in the language has led to the coining of phrases like "ballplayer's ballplayer" or "newspaperman's newspaperman" to describe persons of high standing in their trades.

As a journalist's accolade, it implies the possession of technique so subtly excellent that only a fellow craftsman is able to appreciate the fine points.

Well, there are several people in Chicago who have very specific claims to fame along this line—and not merely as a matter of journalistic opinion, either.

Jack Horner, for example, is a

press agent's press agent. He really is. He handles publicity for the Publicity Club of Chicago. Benjamin Weiner is the barber of a very prominent barber. He crops the coiffure of Frank Aliotta, president of the Master Barbers Association of Chicago, Inc. John G. Bibbs is a postman's postman. He delivers the mail at the home of Carl A. Schroeder, city postmaster. A politician's politician is Thomas Welsh, the Democratic precinct captain in the home precinct of Richard J. Daley, chairman of the party's Cook County Central committee.

Dr. Elmer Ebert, president of the Chicago Dental society, admits that he has a dentist, but stands on his professional ethics in refusing to reveal that colleague's name. And the identity of the fellow who watches J. Edgar Hoover is even more difficult to ascertain.

House of 2,000 Candles

■ It is doubtful that Joseph Albert Beuparlant consciously wishes to evoke the 13th century in his chandler's shop at 2330 west Washington boulevard. But it is a fact that candle-making was a cottage industry that flourished particularly among the French in the Middle Ages. It is also a fact that Beuparlant, a mettlesome and neurasthenic French-Canadian of 73, makes candles by the age-old hand-dipping process in his basement, and sells them in his parlor. His are probably the only non-factory candles available in this area.

Beuparlant's cluttered, old-fashioned shop, in what has become the West Side Negro district, is called "The House of 2,000 Candles." Actually, the latest inventory showed over 3,000, most of them on display—stacked mountainously in piled boxes, or upright in assorted candlesticks, around Mrs. Beuparlant's dining-table, buffet, bedstead and dresser. About one-third of these were hand-dipped by Beuparlant in his six-foot square basement workshop.

■ Factory candles are cheap, clean and good-looking; why should people seek out Beuparlant's old-style tapers?

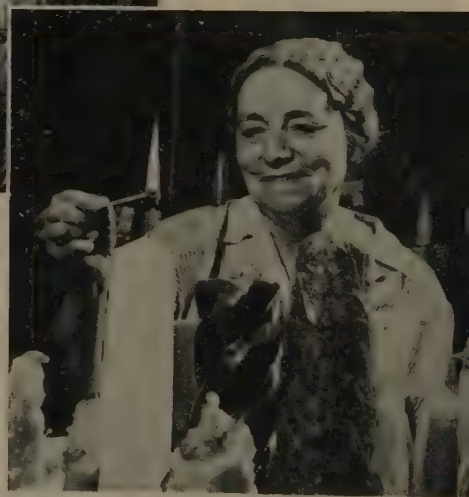
Well, there is a steady mail-order supply to those churches which for devotional reasons prefer hand-dipped candles. But nowadays Beuparlant's best business is in specialty commissions from individuals.

For example, the Japanese-lantern party having been superseded by the lighted-swimming-pool party, Beuparlant will sell a lot of floating candles this summer; last year he provided 56 for one such party (in Winnetka) alone. Weddings, however, involve more work than he cares to take on at his present age (one of the last required 300 candles) and he turns down such orders. On the other hand, he provided the Canoe Club with candles for a Lake Michigan parade, and likes requests such as a recent one, from a magician, for a trick candle. And every December he produces a special wax candle used by a charitable customer to collect a Christmas fund. This tapers up five feet, large enough to hold 300 quarters (\$75), which donors affix to its surface with hot wax.



Photographs by William Miller

Biggest candles Beuparlant has made were both 18-footers. The first, in layers of red, white and blue wax, weighed 2,250 pounds and was used to celebrate V-J Day. The second, made out of tin cans and covered with wax in the seven colors of the rainbow, stands in his backyard. Beuparlant has done a good deal of experimenting in his basement workshop, and recently produced a candle that will not bend in a hot atmosphere, by a method which will apply also to ordinary commercial candles.



■ Beuparlant and his wife Leontine, who is also his third cousin, come from French-Canadian farm stock; they have lived in this country since the turn of the century, most of the time in the house they live in now. For 25 years Beuparlant was a structural steelworker (floors 9 to 20 of the Merchandise Mart; also the Sheraton hotel and other local monuments). He went into the candle business in 1933 for the same reason that drove many other people into odd lines of work in that year.



At first, Beauparant tried selling candles rather than making them, in Rockford. ("The German salesman gave me the bum steer. He told me to try undertakers. In five and a half months, I try 1,100 undertakers. They do not use candles.") With his employer near bankruptcy, Beauparant struck out on his own as a chandler, using the process his peasant ancestors had brought from France to the Gaspé peninsula.

During his first December (jackpot month in the candle business) he

made four dollars; lately he has cleared as high as \$1,500 in this holiday period, and big companies have offered to buy him out. Instead, he has taken an assistant, Mrs. Dorothy Wood, who besides designing attractive candles is an active, ordained Fire-Baptized Holiness minister. This helps Beauparant's business; neighborhood members of the sect buy votive candles, the wax of which is layered in the Seven Colors of the Apocalypse. These tapers are designed to burn night and day for a week,

one color being consumed each day.

Beauparant's unworldly wife, Leontine, gently cleans the 3,000-odd candles, takes care of three cats collectively named "Baby," and contemplates with resignation the extent to which her home has been overwhelmed with candles. "I am calm," she says meekly. "First he takes the parlor for his candles. Then the front room, more candles. Then the dining room, still candles. We have candles under my stove. But I am calm; that is my nature."

Can Chicago Build Without a "Big Bill the Builder"?

Why Reformers Fail

By Robert E. Merriam



● *This article by Alderman Merriam was written at the invitation of the Editors of CHICAGO. In general, this publication has no political program to urge, and specifically, it will not advance the fortunes of any party or individual. Party labels, however, are meaningless at the municipal level. And a magazine called CHICAGO cannot be indifferent to the city's notoriety for corrupt and incompetent government. CHICAGO will be happy to give a hearing to any citizen, in or out of politics, who has fresh views on how the city can begin to govern itself.*

■ The dynamism of big city life either excites or dismays—there seems to be no happy middle ground. Some of the great of our land have thrown up their hands in hopeless horror over the plight of the cities. Even Jefferson thought that the cities would destroy the American dream. And a perceptive foreign observer, de Tocqueville, saw a national police force as the only answer to the “urban mobs.”

But we who live in the cities know better. We know that American industry could not exist without our cities, nor would American democracy have its melting-pot character. Those of us who prefer city living and love the vigor, vitality and contrasts of city life—as I do—recognize that we have, in our time, an unprecedented opportunity to make urban living successful.

One part of this picture is government. Perhaps it is the most important part. More and more, as urban life becomes increasingly complicated, we saddle government with tasks to make urban living easier. Traffic control, housing, planning, construction of bridges, buildings and roads, the police and fire departments and the courts—these are some of the ingredients which make urban living possible. And these things cost—in the Chicago area alone—about one billion dollars a year.

So our governmental stakes are high. And the opportunities are equally big. Not just to build buildings or bridges or roads, but also to build a strong, healthy, vital democratic society, where people live happily and harmoniously together, working to produce and develop a city second to none—spiritually as well as physically.

And yet sometimes our antics make one ask: Why doesn't the city really come of age? Or does it still need a swashbuckling, flag-waving, rodeo-style character like Big Bill Thompson to attract attention to itself? Is this the way we want to live? Are we really proud of our reputation around the globe? Just why is it that Chicago is the only great city of this land never to have had, at least once, an aggressive, crusading type of local government like those headed by Fiorello LaGuardia in New York,

Illustrated by James McCray

Photographs by William Miller

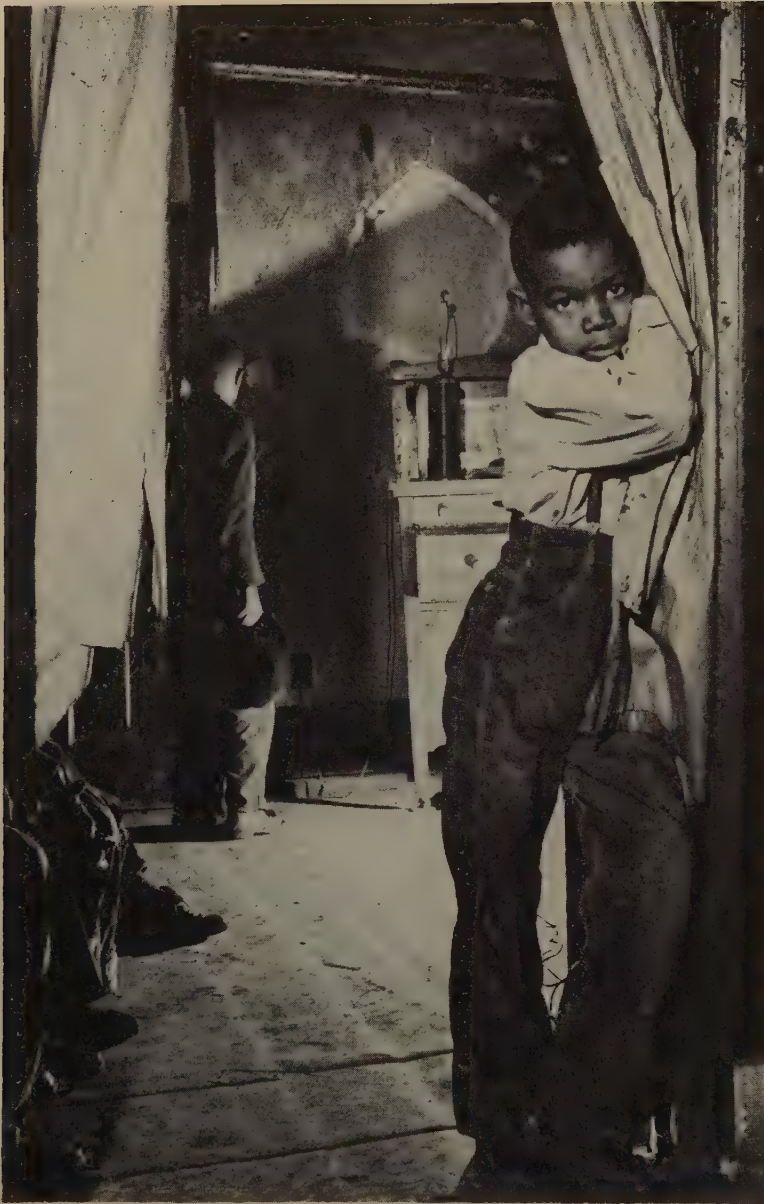


Alderman Merriam with his father, the late Charles E. Merriam. The elder Merriam, an outstanding political scientist, also was alderman and Republican candidate for mayor in 1911.

Joe Clark in Philadelphia, Murray Seasongood in Cincinnati, or Tom Johnson in Cleveland?

This question has long plagued our family. My father entered politics as a university professor just after the turn of the century, in an era when professors were, if possible, even more suspect than today. He became involved in the maelstrom of politics in the days of Insull, Big Bill Thompson, Fred (The Swede) Lundin and Boss Lorimer.

Those were rough and tumble days—the days of the big lie in politics—when Big Bill said all his opponents were crooks but the biggest crook of all was Merriam. They were the days when a neophyte alderman named Merriam couldn't even get by the guard at the porthole in the door to the finance committee meetings. “But I'm an alder-



Slum life on the near Southwest Side. Nine people, including a bedridden invalid, live in four small rooms in this apartment. The bath is shared with occupants of two other apartments.



Dead rat. The metal spout in the picture is the same one showing at bottom of the "playground" scene. The playground is a refuse lot on the near Southwest Side where the slum children play.

man," the newly-elected senior Merriam proclaimed. "Don't make no difference," the guard pronounced as he clicked shut the peek-hole.

These were also the times when Thompson seized almost any issue: lower gas rates; a five-cent streetcar fare; the threat to punch King George in the "snout"; Sunday tavern closing (when he closed the front door and opened the rear entrance — at double the fee); and then, in a typical reversal, during prohibition the threat to open two saloons for every one Mayor Dever closed. Finally, exhausting all other issues, in his last campaign Thompson became "The Builder." These and other Thompson antics are vividly portrayed in the recent book, *Big Bill of Chicago*, by Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan. But the stark portrayal of this colorful but unfunny era in Chicago's growth leaves a question on many people's minds: Have conditions really changed, and do people want them changed?

Times have changed — somewhat. Any alderman can get into the finance committee meetings now; in fact, any alderman can be a member of the finance committee. We have a purchasing agent who takes bids for public purchases and is recognized as a man without peer in private industry (tho the City Council has found ways to get around his recommendations). We are building superhighways (tortuously and slowly), clearing slum lands, even fixing up the streets. It's pretty hard to get a payroll job (pay with *no* work), and civil service has taken its toll of the party faithful.

We still have our "local color": the "fix" is still an overworked part of Chicago vocabulary; a rash of police suspensions takes place because of alleged shakedowns; the then third-ranking police officer of the city is under fire for "wide-open" conditions in a district he once commanded; politicians and racketeers continue to disappear or be murdered; bookmaker clerks operate in City Hall; rumors circulate of driveway and zoning amendment prices, and bribe offers are related; shoe boxes with money turn up in City Hall; little red books appear with strange notations; City Council committees meet secretly in corridors to reject bids; building violations sometimes cannot be found; and beneath it all lurk the eager tentacles of a crime syndicate which our Mayor says doesn't exist.

It isn't exactly for lack of trying that Chicago seems to find it hard to shake off these tentacles of organized crime and corruption. There have been investigations and committees, commissions and resolutions, indignation groups and just plain angry citizens, all over this period of a century.

But up to now something always seemed to go wrong with these movements. The civic fireworks were soon over and the good citizens went back to their own private affairs, heaving a sigh for the evils of politics in Chicago. They remind one of Senator Plunkitt of Tammany Hall and his definition of "reformers": mornin' glories — lovely in the mornin' and withered up in a short time. And the professionals, with much more directness of purpose — and perseverance —



One of four large housing units on 33rd street, above. This giant slum reclamation project, which supplements the city's efforts, is being done by a New York insurance company. Policy ticket on the "Big Town" wheel, left, lying in gutter at 35th street and Prairie avenue. The "Big Town" is one of about 30 policy wheels going in Chicago in a \$150 million a year swindle run by the Syndicate.

were undisturbed for a few more years.

Actually, it would be erroneous to draw the conclusion that Chicago is incorrigible or that it likes its politics that way. The unfortunate fact is that those wanting to change in the past have appealed to a limited group of the citizenry, on one or more of the following narrow grounds:

1. THERE HAS BEEN MORALISM. Some civic uplift movements have been the instruments whereby a few civic leaders attempted to inflict their own moral views and prejudices on the rest of the community.

2. THERE HAS BEEN HALF-HEARTEDNESS. Many proposed changes in

government have been based not on the needs of the whole community, but on the desires of some citizens to attain limited objectives — such as tax-reduction — and then retire from the field.

3. THERE HAS BEEN SUPERFICIALITY. Along with their short-term objectives some well-meaning citizens have been over-interested in "gimmicks" — devices calculated to accomplish the job in the easiest and quickest way, regardless of whether this has any real effect on the basic problems which need attacking. The "gimmicks" of government are a national political disease — one which takes a variety of different forms. It



can be found in the mistaken notion that we will get better government *simply* by changing the size of our City Council (although 15 poor aldermen can be as destructive as 50). It may be seen in the thought that by installing voting machines we end corruption at the polling place (altho if a "good" precinct captain isn't pleased by the voting machine, he just subscribes to *Popular Mechanics*). Again, it is visible in the support of bills to require publication of all ordinances (which nobody reads anyway). Each of these gimmicks may be good as part of an overall program; none is the answer by itself.

4. THERE SOMETIMES HAS BEEN AN UNDEMOCRATIC APPROACH. Whether of the moralistic or the easy-way-out order, too many citizen-movements of the past have lacked interest in one of the most important objectives of dynamic city government—the restoration of self-government and the development of a sustained popular interest in self-government.

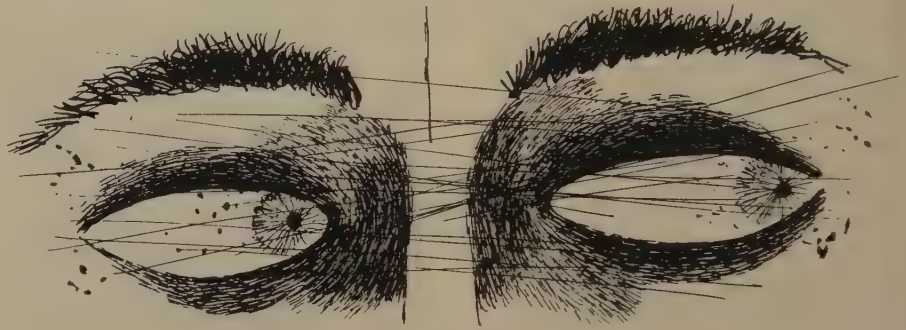
As a result, some past civic efforts at better government have seemed as over-hasty and tyrannical as the corrupt government they sought to replace—and in many cases far less humane. After all, most of the big city machines got where they got thru at least a partial interest in taking care of the voters. Lincoln Steffens once commented that Chicago "reformers" seemed interested in "good government" at the expense of representative government. He characterized a local civic movement of his time by these remarks and correctly predicted its early demise.

■ Government, as I see it, means more than just political representation. In Chicago today it means that any citizen-movement worth its salt must represent the real needs and aspirations of the citizens, must be rooted in the problems of their immediate environment and community, must be phrased in terms they understand, must appeal to their actual needs.

The problems, as I have pointed out, are definitely there on the doorstep of every citizen. But many "reformers" fail to realize clearly how the little local problems relate to such larger issues as the improvement of city machinery or the stamping out of the Syndicate. And in many cases, the "reformer," hurrying toward his own immediate aim, is too busy to point out these relationships to the average citizen, much less to work out with him a comprehensive plan which will both clean up the City Hall and promise the citizen what is due him from any new government—better service for him and his community.

Is it any wonder, then, that the citizen falls prey to police arguments that a crack-down on Syndicate gambling must also mean a crack-down on his own Saturday night poker game? (Several times after I attacked Syndicate gambling the police responded by breaking up ladies' bridge games in Hyde Park, while leaving unmolested Syndicate establishments around the corner. "We couldn't find any 'mob'," they said).

■ *Today's citizen wants more than more hoodlums in jail, and more than shiny new gimmicks on the law books. These are all right as a start and they have their place in a total improvement program, but what they must*



lead to is better service from government. What the average citizen wants is new housing or better maintenance of the building he now lives in. He wants his neighborhood—his own neighborhood—rehabilitated and maintained, a light put on his corner, the street cleaned, the empty firetrap down the street replaced. He wants a better, less crowded school for his children, and more chances for them to have social activity and recreation outside the growing juvenile gangs. He wants eased social tensions and pleasanter community relations. He wants better hospital facilities and services and more police and fire protection. He furiously demands better public transportation.

These are the real objectives, the real test of any lasting program for a better city. They are the standard by which the citizen gauges such valuable but comparatively abstract proposals as a new city charter, a judicial reform article, a crime-politics-police cleanup. The attainment of the real objectives, I am convinced, calls for more than just a few more governmental gimmicks. It certainly requires more than a moralistic new broom with nothing but the bristles showing. It demands a new approach—one which can survey the whole Chicago situation and come up with a comprehensive program—grounded, to

the last side-street and alley, in the real wants of the citizens.

■ The modern politician (in the better sense of that word) who expects to stay in business today must offer more than a house-cleaning; he must offer a better house. One who knew this well was the man who was without doubt the most successful big-city mayor yet known to the 20th century—Fiorello H. LaGuardia.

The record of this dynamic, warm-hearted executive stands as a symbol of the rebirth of a great city. It may be a measure of his unique success that he is most remembered for his positive acts. Some may recall LaGuardia pushing his new broom down

Fifth Avenue, early in his first term, but to most people he is recalled as the great impresario—Mr. New York himself—a little fellow who was forever dashing around opening vehicular tunnels, breaking in new fire fighting equipment, dedicating housing developments, parkways, swimming pools, playgrounds and schools, reading Sunday comics over the radio, conducting symphony orchestras, establishing civic theaters, art centers and ballets, noisily enforcing noise-abatement ordinances, and generally making himself the living symbol of a lustily reborn and rebuilding New York.

And all this, mind you, in the depths of a great depression when most other cities found it as much as they could do just to stay solvent by means of drastic "economy" waves and Federal relief money.

The average American may be pardoned for scratching his head and asking about Fiorello LaGuardia, "What kind of mayor is this?"

The fact is that the figure which LaGuardia cut in the eyes of a fascinated country was deliberate—the result of a strong determination to take the holier-than-thou whiplash out of American local politics and to make it attractive—to provide not only a cleaner, more efficient government, but also a cleaner, more com-

fortable, more beautiful, warmer and more civilized city.

No one was more aggressive than LaGuardia in battling for the traditional objectives of citizens' groups. His worst enemies, including the chairman of his own political party, admitted that he had thrown out the grafters and chiselers and crooks, balanced the budget and gotten full value for money spent. Indeed LaGuardia's ferocious determination to abolish the spoils system, keep out the political hacks and appoint only "non-partisan" civil service type administrators insured that by the time he ran for a second term he was an outcast, opposed by both major political parties and obliged to construct one of his own. He won anyway and was to do it a third time. His favorite remark, paraphrasing Al Smith, was "Isn't it wonderful, not a single county chairman of either party is for me, but I could run on a laundry ticket and beat those political bums."

The reason is almost certainly this — that LaGuardia, more than any other American civic leader, added to the politics of old-fashioned clean-up a new and constructive kind of politics — the politics of the park, the concert, the swimming pool, the street light, the housing development, in short, the politics of better living.

■ I am convinced that the philosophy of a Fiorello LaGuardia offers pointed lessons to those who want a better Chicago. In the first place such a philosophy is realistic. It acknowledges the fact that throwing the rascals out is a transitory form of amusement of which the ordinary peace-loving citizen soon tires. It recognizes also that, while they may appeal abstractly to civic pride, the ideas of a balanced budget and a "scientific" government, in themselves, can warm the spirit of no one but a mathematician.

After the bosses are whipped and the budget balanced, the question always arises — where do we go from here? And to the average city-dweller the answer must be found in his own neighborhood. A person of the stamp of LaGuardia is prepared to provide that answer, is determined to provide it, in the form of service rendered to the community — better service than the corrupt government can provide, and for less money.

No wonder that such an attitude toward local problems is politically attractive! For change of this kind is genial, not blue-nosed. It makes no assault on individual liberties except where they infringe on the individual liberties of others.

More than that, it positively en-



courages the individual pursuit of happiness by making a better life more possible for a greater number of people. Certainly it does not condemn pleasure, as such. One of LaGuardia's first acts as mayor was to authorize sidewalk cafes for New York City. At the same time he was opening 375 new playgrounds in his first six months in office.

■ Finally, back of this more humane view of the purpose of local government is the need for strong faith in the essential soundness of the civic desires of the community. This in itself is absolutely essential: Those

citizens who are inclined to think — even unconsciously — in terms of a vulgar, unthinking and probably hell-bent "mass," more interested in bad liquor today than in good housing tomorrow, also are likely to view city government in terms of one great big reform school.

Here the pessimistic "reformer" is as completely wide of the mark as is the cynical machine boss with his view of the common citizen as the one-born-a-minute sucker, the usable sap. The citizen of Chicago is not unthinking and is not fooled by the "do good" moral improver any more than by the machine boss. He sees and he remembers — and he is bitter, how bitter anyone who has canvassed a precinct or circulated a petition can testify.

But he is not to be duped by wishful phrases; he has watched many a spurious Chicago "reform" drive, as have his father and his grandfather. He is not interested in a "clean-up" as such; the very expression nauseates him; it is so identified with dreary failure. If, as I believe, he ardently desires the objectives which a clean-up helps — I repeat, *helps* — to attain, he is aware of it *despite* the fact that the "reform" elements have seldom bothered to make him aware of it. As often as not, they have found it expedient to campaign for a New Broom, and nothing else. This is folly. It will fail today as its prototypes failed 40 to 50 years ago.

■ How, then, Merriam, do all these thoughts apply to the Chicago of 1954 — a city teeming with unharnessed discontent? How does one translate into action the desires of the vast majority of Chicagoans for a better city government, cleaner neighborhoods, more recreational and cultural facilities, and strengthening of the good in racial and religious differences?

This answer, it seems to me, must come in two parts. The first, and in a sense the more difficult, is to overcome the very real, negative, suspicious feeling of many Chicagoans for anything connected with "reformers." To overcome the years of built-in resistance, the leaders of tomorrow must themselves understand the simple facts of life in our cosmopolitan city. They must understand that it isn't just political corruption, as Lincoln Steffens used to remind us, it's corruption. The new leaders must remember that the machine politician sees around him those willing to buy the things he is willing to sell, and that he also sees some business and commerce, union and civic leaders

(Continued on page 64)

By J. W. Dickson

Illustrated by Harold Walter

A PENNY'S WORTH



■ I remember the day—back in 1929 it was—that he came bustling into the Liberty Stamp and Coin Shop, ruddy with excitement yet remarkably subdued and reserved as is the unalterable demeanor of all true philatelists and numismatists. We had just been sitting at the counter asking Leo to bring out various approval books from which we made minor fill-in purchases. Old Felix Grotewold was poring over a rather choice set from Wurtemberg. Alec Simons was bragging about his Baden-Baden, and I was absorbed with the Newfoundland Royal Family 1908 watermark.

Then he came in.

"Ha!" said Leo. "The stranger returns. And what did you get this time?"

"I got something, Leo—a book for you," and he tossed a thin book on the counter—a 19th Century French Specialty. "It's pretty good; I got it for nothing—fifteen dollars—keep it."

"You are too generous," said Leo. "I will credit you for twenty-five dollars before I even look at it. What else did you get?"

"Ah, Leo, you'd never believe it

unless you saw it. Here." And he laid a penny on the counter.

"Why it's only a penny," said Leo. "Just a Lincoln head penny."

"Yes," he said sitting at a stool and unbuttoning his coat. "But look at the date."

"1953."

"Well?"

"But that's impossible. This is 1929."

"Exactly. I bought it from a fellow who works in the mint while I was in Washington. It was part of an error run—the only one that wasn't destroyed."

"How much?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars."

At that we all gathered around. Sure enough, it was a 1953 penny with no mint mark. That meant Washington.

"It's worth it," Alec announced in the same tone of voice one might use to announce that tomorrow the sun will rise.

"I suppose," said Leo.

"Suppose?" said the proud owner. "Of course it's worth it. It's the only one. THE ONLY ONE. How about



that one cent British Guiana? Thirty-two thousand and five hundred dollars. Why? Because it was the only one."

"Yes," said Felix Grotewold, "but that British Guiana was used — part of a genuine run. This penny is a freak. It may be worth the money. I hope for your sake it is. If it were mine I would sell it. In 1953, you know, it will merely be one among millions."

"Nonsense. They've been making Lincoln pennies since 1909. Do you think they'd go forty-four years without a change of design? Why the Indian Head only lasted about thirty."

"Maybe so," said Felix Grotewold as he returned to the Wurtemburgs.

■ It was a warm summer day in 1932 when he came into the shop alive with excitement.

"Leo! What did I tell you? Have you heard? They're putting George Washington's head on the quarter. The old design only lasted sixteen years. I knew it."

"But yours is a penny," Leo said.

"What of it? They say these Democrats are going to change everything. A new deal. You won't know this country when they get thru with it. Here they just get in office and already they change the quarter."

"Yes," said Felix Grotewold sadly. "But I always liked to see the picture of Liberty on the quarter. It is a thing for all men to love. Now Washington was a great man who never told a lie but I cannot love him as much as I love Liberty. He is national, not universal."

"Oh, you talk like a fish. Do you think we can keep the same old designs forever? Change. That's what we need."

"A quarter has always been change," said old Felix Grotewold, who chuckled and resumed his study of a new issue from the Vatican.

■ In 1938 the news was no less exciting. Six uneventful years had greatly worried the owner of the 1953 penny. Of course he still showed it around proudly and told its story, by now greatly embellished, but the fateful year 1953 was nine years closer.

"Have you heard, Leo? They're putting Jefferson's head on the nickel. I told you this is an age of change."

"Yes, but you have the penny."

"Oh, the penny will be next. You'll see."

"I'm not so sure," said Felix Grotewold. "Lincoln was a great man. Who will suggest removing his head from the penny? A sacrilege."

"They just removed the Indian and buffalo from the nickel. What is more American than Indians and buffalos?"

"Both," said Felix Grotewold, "are effectively extinct in their natural state. Their day is past. Dead. To continue commemorating them would be an anachronism. Jefferson, thank God, is still alive. The day he dies I will die. Long live the Jefferson nickel and the Lincoln head penny."

■ One day in 1946 while I was chatting with an older-looking Leo, the man with the penny came in and sat down. He too was older, and more haggard. We all knew about the new dime with Roosevelt's picture on it but waited to be told about it. After all, this was the first change since the nickel, and during the interim a war had been waged and spent, the world had changed, Roosevelt had died, and Felix Grotewold had died. We waited to hear about the dime.

"You know," he said, "I miss Felix. He was okay — knew I was a damn fool from the start. I guess I know what he'd say. He'd say, 'I always liked to see Liberty's picture on the dime, but these are mortal times so we honor mortals more than the ideals for which they stand.' All the coins have politicians' heads on them now except the half dollar and I see where they're going to put Franklin on that in a couple of years."

"Oh, don't worry," said Leo. "They'll change the penny."

"No, they won't. It wouldn't be logical. They have all the great men on all the coins now."

Leo grew silent. Then in his soft Viennese dialect he said, "If it were mine I would get my money's worth out of it now, before 1953, before it is too late. I would put it in a scale and weigh myself and by that way I would know it could never make me unhappy — that I was greater than my greed."

"That would take a lot of courage," said the man. "What if they should change the design in time to make this really valuable? It would be the only one in the world and I would own it. What if next year, say, they put someone else's head on the penny — let's see, whose picture could they put on the penny?"

We all thought for a while and then knew no one would suggest taking Lincoln off the penny. The man sat down — resigned.

"I could spend it now. I could drop it in a scale or buy a stick of gum with it, but that would prove nothing. I know now that in 1953 this penny will be but one among millions, but that doesn't matter to me so much any more. Already it is worth much more than a penny to me and I think that when 1954 gets here it will be worth just about what I paid for it."

■ With that the man got up and left the shop and never came back. I heard that he gave up collecting stamps and coins — just left his collection to gather dust on a clothes closet shelf. I never saw him again until just the other day; we were both waiting in the depot for the station master to open the gates. Naturally I asked him what ever happened to the 1953 penny.

"Oh, I still have it," he said and reached in his pocket. He drew out a little flat case, something like a cigarette case, of solid gold. He opened it and there, embedded in a background of rich blue velvet, was the 1953 Lincoln head penny.

"Why, you treat it as if it's worth all you paid for it," I said.

"It is," he replied. "It is."

There's a revival of craftsmanship thruout the country:

it takes the form of small enterprises, started by native artists

with fresh ideas. From the Midwestern wellsprings of this new

domestic art are coming more and more distinguished objects.

made in Chicago U.S.A.

By Dorothy Bridaham

Designed by Elsa Kula

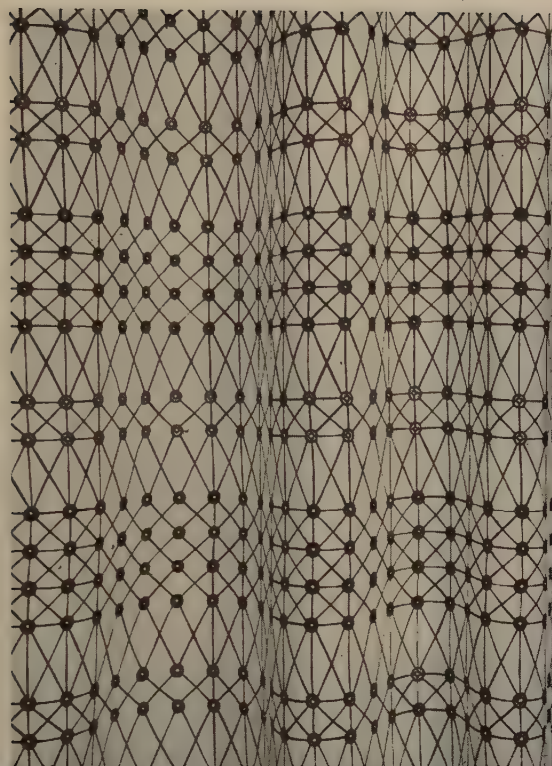
▪ As Carl Sandburg once said, we need hyacinths as well as biscuits in our lives.

Some beautiful things are being made in our city, and some wonderful people are making them. I want to introduce you to a few of these designer-craftsmen, and to tell you where you can find what they make. Unless you can turn your back on civilization and lead the austere simple life of a Thoreau (who threw out three pieces of limestone on his desk when he found that "they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still . . ."), you will be interested.

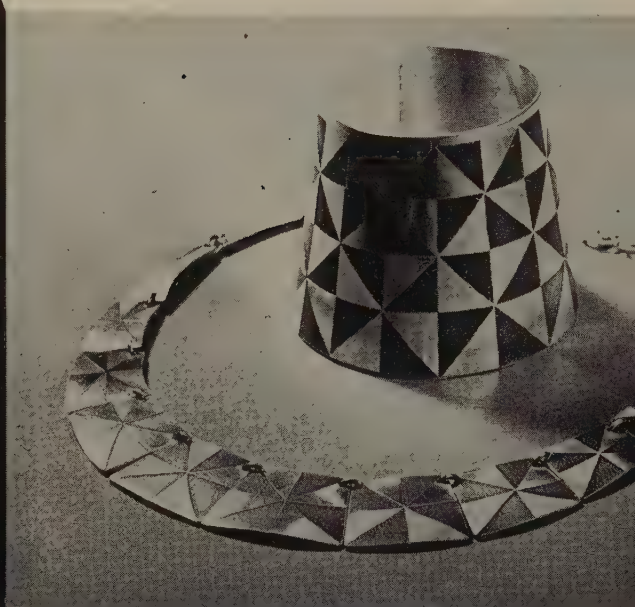
With creative imagination and skill, the young artisans of this area are producing unusual and beautiful handmade furniture, ceramics, fabrics and jewelry. Their workshops are often their homes, sometimes dusty lofts, other times efficiently organized basement areas. But the inspiration of all of them has a common denominator: to produce articles that will add distinction and enjoyment to daily living.

▪ *Designers in Production*, on West Lake street, is a closely-knit team of two young men, Davis Pratt and Harold Cohen, who met at the Institute of Design. They design and manufacture lightweight, strong and handsome tables and chairs out of durable, practical materials such as tubular steel, resistant Decalite plastic, birch and walnut, vinyl-treated woven fiber, and spun industrial nylon. Their furniture is notable for its airy grace and simple elegance.

A nylon-covered chaise longue which can be lifted with one hand sells for forty dollars. The tables, round or rectangular, can be quickly assembled or taken apart for easy moving or storage. They also make wastebaskets and place mats, woven of heavy fiber to match the chairs, in a variety of color combinations. The fabrics come in agreeable neutral tones or in bright orange, blue, yellow,



"Buttoney Net" and "Stone to Sterling," at left, are handprinted silk-screen drapery designs by Elenhank. Above, right, matching silver necklace and bracelet by Anna Halasi. Below, textile design by Elsa Regensteiner and Julia McVicker.



On this page, furniture by Designers in Production. Opposite, examples of Helen Watson Reifler's pottery. Lower right, Denst and Soderlund hand-printed silk-screen wallpapers: "Kids' Mural" and "Winter."



black or brown. The white plastic table tops and black supports provide a workable foil for pattern in draperies, accessories or wall treatment.

Pratt and Cohen are making only a few pieces as yet, but eventually hope to be able to completely furnish a house. Illustrated are some of the items described; they may be purchased at John M. Smyth, Broadmoor, Boyd-Britton, Bordelon, or Harry Lund. For other sources, call Designers in Production.

■ At *Elenhank*, a young and gifted husband-and-wife team turns out a large variety of handprinted drapery material, silk-screen designs in gay over-all or random patterns or in interesting figured combinations. Their business grew out of their personal needs. With "Hank" in the army during the war, they were faced with the problem of making their modest furnished rooms in Long Beach, California, attractive. They solved it by block-printing by hand, on the floor, some lengths of materials for draperies, and they were so successful that their church's social center placed an order for 150 yards of drapery for the new recreation rooms.

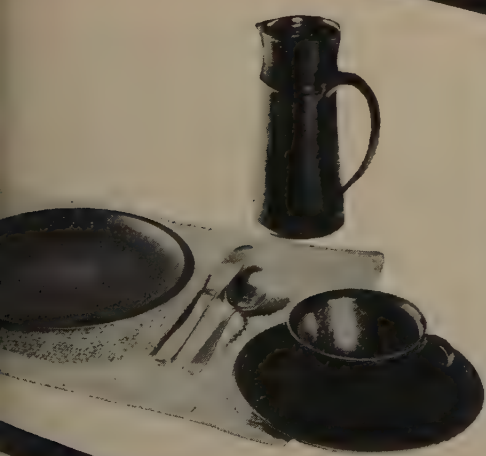
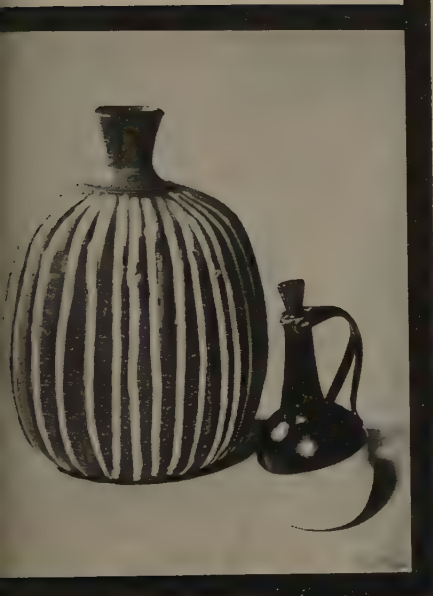
Today, their workshop is in the impeccably tidy basement of an old house on Chicago's Southwest Side. Drawings of designs under consideration are tacked on the wall. They have a screen on which they can project their drawings to decide the scale

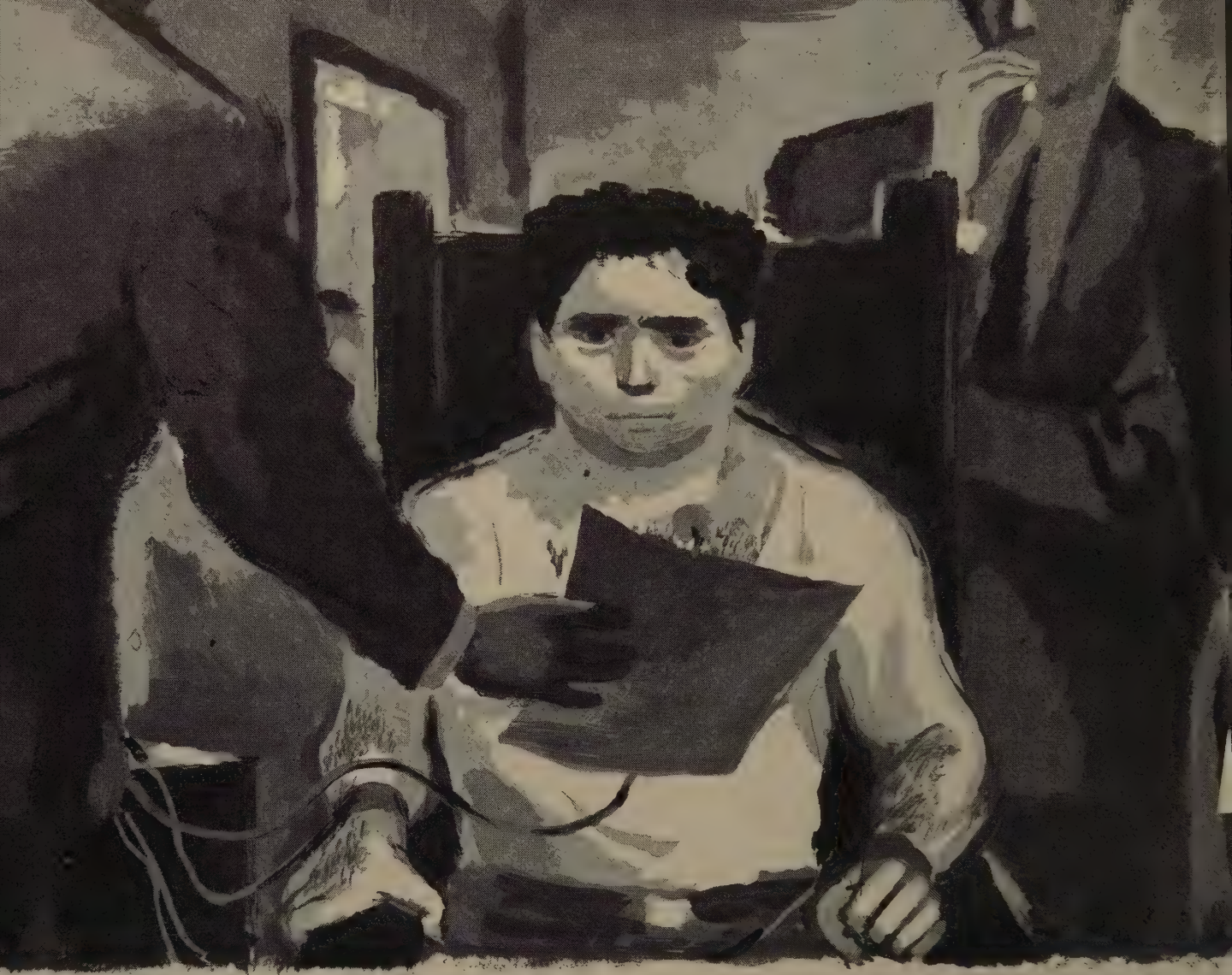
for a particular pattern, (and it's amazing how differently the same pattern works when it is used as a small unit or as a large, independent unit).

Sources of inspiration are found in their everyday contacts. When they were still on the West Coast, they invented a loose, linear design of starfish, seaweed, etc., which they called "Low Tide." Their popular "Buttony Net," which won a place in the national exhibition *Designer Craftsmen U.S.A., 1953*, shown recently at the Art Institute, started as a simple repeat based on buttons, which was then varied by connecting the separate elements with a web of net. "Stone to Sterling," a stunning repetition of different shapes of flatware thru the ages, was inspired by an exhibition entitled *Knife, Fork and Spoon*, at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Altho this young couple works as a team, they suggest that the more architectural designs, like a fascinating abstract they call "Aerielle," are usually his, and the freer patterns are often hers.

Scale and texture play an important part in their fabrics, and they make their own colors, emphasizing the washability of some, the sun-fast qualities of others. They are especially proud of random repeats like "Tumbleweed" and "Sun Spots" in which the same design is repeated in different sizes and at irregular intervals, creating a pleasantly airy asym-

(Continued on page 51)





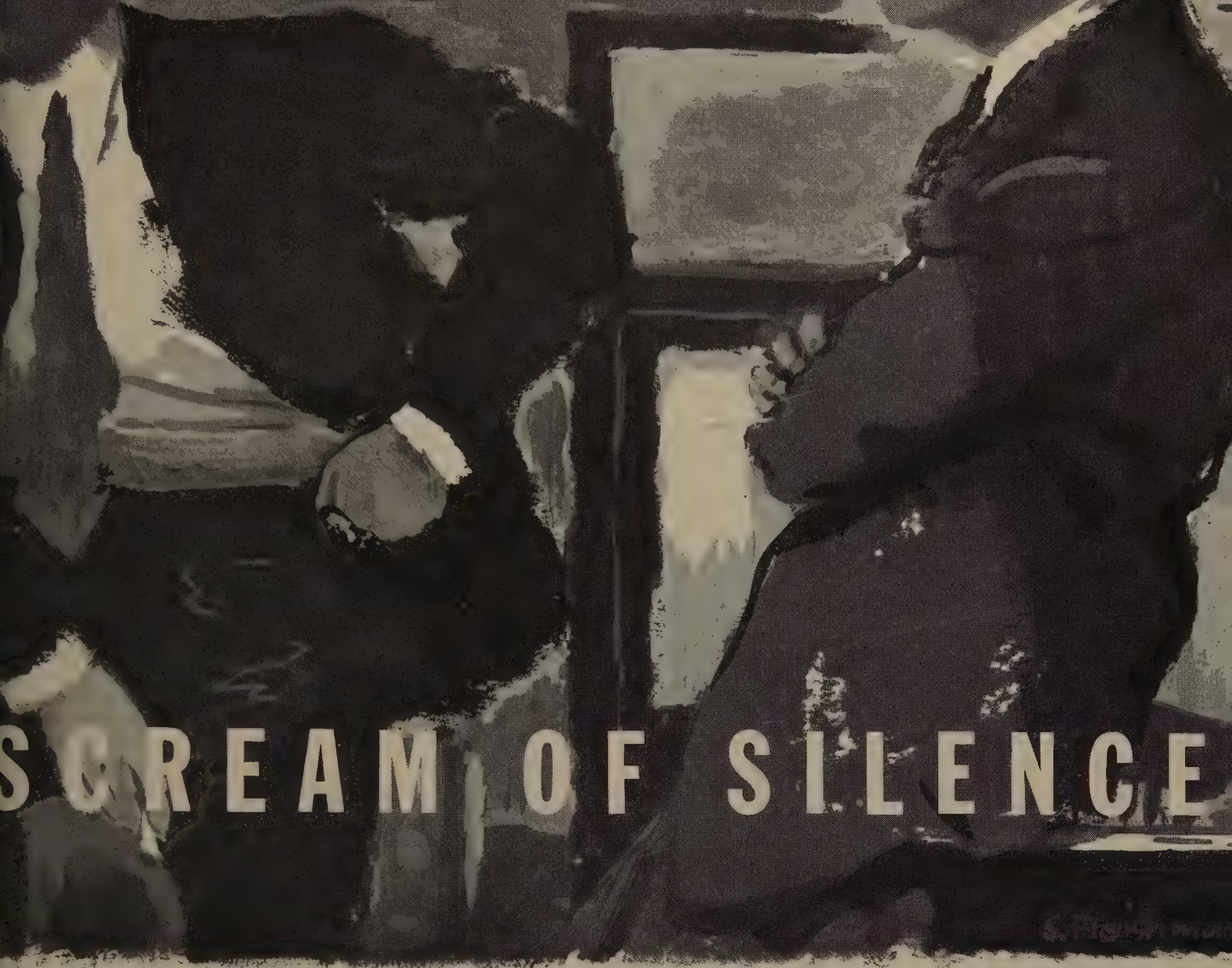
**He could not be coaxed, bullied or beaten
into talking, but he confessed—after he
met the man who listens to bloodstreams.**

By Maurice English

Illustrated by Seymour Fleishman

■ Bennett Wilcox is the name of a short, sandy-haired, hard-faced ex-hill-billy — it's his word — from the Illinois Ozarks who has cleared a space for himself in a thinly-settled profession: that of private criminologist. He has persuaded friends and clients into accepting his assurance that he is *not* a private detective — “that’s somebody who chases a crook until he catches up with him and then calls a cop” — partly by his success in developing an improved lie detection machine, but more spectacularly by a feat which specialists in the field say is unparalleled. In a murder case where there were no witnesses and no trace of the victim’s body, he obtained a confession from a hardened killer despite the fact that the man couldn’t be coaxed, bullied, or beaten into talking.

This happened one day in the summer of 1946 and I witnessed it because, as a newspaperman who had once been a police reporter, I had dropped in for a casual talk with



SCREAM OF SILENCE

Wilcox, who was sometimes good for a hot weather feature.

"You're in luck," Wilcox had said. "You came in just when I was going to work on a real daisy."

I asked what it was, and Wilcox nodded his head toward the door of a back room in his suite of offices. "There's a thug named Nicholas Calas in there. Ever heard of him?"

I shook my head.

"The police are sure — so am I — that Calas has committed a murder. They have his record — two convictions for armed assault. They have his motives: robbery and theft, and they have what he took: a wallet and a Packard sedan. They even have fingerprints. But there are two things they don't have: the body of his victim, and a confession. They'd like very much to have one, or both. Otherwise, he's going to beat the murder charge, and just get a sentence for robbery and theft."

"I see. Have they tried roughing him up?"

Wilcox shrugged his shoulders. "Calas is not just another punchy with a gun. He's tough — really tough, tough, tough. It's not merely that he won't admit anything. He just won't talk. He won't talk at all."

"Not even to ask for a lawyer?"

"Not *since* he asked for a lawyer. He was picked up in Peoria last week, and brought back here on suspicion. From the start, his line has been that he didn't know anything about the case. He got a lawyer after he was brought back here, but the lawyer must have thought that Calas had the right idea. He hasn't talked since."

"Where do you come in?"

Wilcox reflected a moment. Then, creasing his lips in a smile which made his face look even harder than it normally did, he said:

"I'm trying to get a confession out of him."

"You can make him talk when the police can't?"

"Not at all. At least, I don't think so."

"If he won't talk, he can't confess."

Wilcox smiled, again. "Do you think so? That's what they say at headquarters, too. But I'm going to start talking to Calas in that back room in a few minutes, and ask him some questions. I don't think he will answer any of them, but I think he will tell us where the body of his victim is, anyway. And when we find that, I think he will confess."

I was baffled, and my expression must have shown it. Wilcox, crushing out a cigarette, leaned toward me. "Look," he said, with controlled excitement, "I'm going to try something that's never been tried before. I'm going to try to read a man's past: what he did, when he did it, how — by his pulse, by his heart beat, by the way he breathes, by how much he sweats. Even tho he refuses to say a word. It's never been done. But I have a hunch it might work. Would you like to see me try? I could use a witness, anyway."

(Continued on page 60)



HOW BIG IS A BOOM?

*The downstate
one has produced few headlines
but up to 10% of national
petroleum output and profits
to oilmen and landowners
of \$180 million a year*

Oil IN ILLINOIS

By William Clark

■ On an acre near Libertyville, 30 miles north of the Loop, Michael Rysso built his home last year. Construction had gone well and in January well-diggers began work. Then things went askew: the diggers brought up petroleum instead of water.

At last report, the Ryssos were still getting water from the neighbors' wells. And they were still hoping that the experts would be proved wrong. The experts think that the oil-trickle in the Rysso's back yard is *not* the start of a Chicago-area oil industry comparable to the downstate one which has made the Illinois Basin a prominent piece of geography in the oil world.

The Rysso incident, and other such dramatic accidental taps, are local echoes of a booming oil business that has been going on in the Illinois Basin for almost 20 years and is now increasing at the rate of half-a-dozen new producing wells a day.

The oil country begins, not 1,000 miles to the southwest in the Slim 'n Tex neighborhood, but 180 miles to the south, around Mattoon.

In the last 15 years, Illinois has ranked as high as fourth and never lower than eighth among all states in crude oil output. Last year the oil that was brought up from its centuries under the prairies was 60 million barrelsful which, at the going price of \$3.04 a barrel, means \$182 million.

The Illinois oil story has phases that are true to the legend: gushers where they're least expected, and overnight fortunes in black gold. Some of the busiest downstate fields are on skimpy farmlands that once belonged to the poorest agricultural immigrants from the Alleghenies — cautious, taciturn folk like Bunyan Travis, who derided the strangers who first wanted to sink wells on his property, but later had the problem of what to do with an income of \$225 a day.

Most of the oil activity in Illinois dates from the discoveries of 1937 and 1938, but the state is an older member of the petroleum fraternity than that would indicate. Oil was sought in Illinois as early as 1866 and found in 1889, and by 1906 it was flowing in commercial quantity. 1908 was a record year, but production dwindled after that to 4 million barrels a year, until the fabulous strikes of the Thirties zoomed it to 146 million barrels in one year. In 1941 the annual yield began a gradual decline to 60 million barrels, the norm for the number of pools and types of wells in the state.

The oil in Illinois lies relatively close to the surface, making drilling less complicated and less

Mrs. Rysso, who is a former circus acrobat, touches the water-well in her Libertyville yard, which spouted oil. Her husband is a carpenter; if the oil makes them rich, they'll buy a small business.



costly on the average than in the southwest. The bulk of the state's oil is recovered from depths of less than 3,000 feet.

In a recent 12-month period successful wells were completed at depths ranging from 350 feet — which to an oil man is like drilling thru a two by four with a brace and bit — to 4,555 feet. The average was 2,475 feet, substantially less than the national average of about 5,000 feet.

Illinois oil is good oil. As quality of crude is measured, the Illinois product falls somewhat short of the fine Pennsylvania grades but exceeds that of the Texas-Oklahoma area.

Because of the impressive use of prehistoric

creatures in the advertising of at least one major oil company, there must be hundreds of thousands of persons who believe oil to be a kind of puree of dinosaur. What is now oil was once alive, all right, but the lives were those of microscopic inhabitants of defunct oceans which, at various stages of prehistory, rolled over the midwestern plains. Salt water, or salt in crystalline form, is almost invariably found where there is oil.

Oil and water do not mix, but oil and money do. Illinois has not regularly produced the individual oil fortunes one hears about — and hears about and hears about — from Texas. That is partly because the average well in Illinois does not pro-

duce at quite the rate of the average well in the southwest. Nevertheless, the producing end of the oil industry has made itself felt financially in the state.

At a price of about \$3 a barrel at the well head, an annual yield of 60 million barrels represents \$180 million dollars. That, in turn, means oil companies are paying Illinois landowners some 22½ million dollars a year, or about \$61,000 a day, for the privilege of extracting oil from beneath the surface of their land.

It cannot be assumed that all who share in these riches were pre-oil paupers. After all, they did own the land. However, much of the land was nearly worthless from an agricultural standpoint, and many who have been put at ease by the state's oil boom were living a marginal life before.

Southern Illinois generally has profited from the combined influx of money and population. In places oil and coal are found beneath the same cornfield. More than one town has offices of both oil and coal companies, and more than one oil well is encased in concrete as it passes down thru a thick vein of southern Illinois soft coal — otherwise water or oil from the drill hole might seep thru and complicate the coal mining problem.

All these developments have come about within the past 17 years, for before the sensational oil finds of 1937 Illinois was only barely in the oil picture.

What happened in 1937 had been 10 years in the making. A 1927 oil strike in Michigan, of all

places, set certain minds to speculating anew on what might lie beneath the glacial drift comprising most of the flat, monotonous surface of southern Illinois. In most places the drift — sand and clay — was a good 50 feet thick. Whatever lay below was so thoroly concealed it had never been adequately mapped.

One of the keenest minds roused to new interest in Illinois' oil potential belonged to Theron Wasson, then chief petroleum geologist (now senior geologist) for Pure Oil company. Another was that of M. M. Leighton, then as now head of the state geological survey. The survey, widely considered one of the best in the country, had published maps showing the old oil fields of eastern Illinois, mostly in Lawrence, Crawford and Clark counties. Following a study of these documents and other available data, Pure Oil made a reconnaissance survey westward from the old fields toward the Missouri line.

That journey and subsequent tests, which together consumed more than five years, indicated that Jasper, Richland, Wayne and Clay counties, immediately west and south of the old field, were blessed with the kind of subterranean rock formation in which oil could be present.

Pure Oil, and others, began to drill. First blood in the new area was drawn by Adams Oil and Gas company in Jan. 27, 1937 — a well which produced at the rate of 52 barrels a day from the modest depth of 1,391 feet. Pure Oil completed wells in February and March that yielded 40 and 100

This foreman shows happy expentancy: he is only waiting for the crew to finish installing the pump to see if the oil will flow.



These maintenance men show gleeful assurance: they are repairing the pumping engine at a well which is a steady producer.





Tackling a problem peculiar to states rich in both coal and oil: cement is poured into a drill-hole which goes thru a vein of coal, to prevent seepage of oil into coal.

Pipeline crew installing a line near town of Noble: it channels the rich Clay County pool into the refineries.



barrels, daily, as a starting production rate. But life in the new field really began with Pure's third test, the fabulous Bunyan Travis No. 1.

Bunyan Travis was 55 in 1937 and owned a little farm in Clay county, three miles southwest of Clay City. Life was pretty tough for Travis and others like him on the drab farmlands of southern Illinois in the Thirties. All the area's wealth in coal and oil was underground, but nobody was certain his particular few acres covered either and a small farmer couldn't afford to try to find out.

Many of the small farmers heard talk about oil long before they saw any. There was some skepticism — the skepticism of tired men who had nothing and expected nothing. It was partly skepticism that led Bunyan Travis to sell half of his one-eighth interest (the land owner's traditional share) in the first oil well on his property six months before it was drilled. He sold it for \$600; as it developed, a one-sixteenth interest was good for earnings of as much as \$225 a day.

One Sunday afternoon in May, 1937, the well — historic Travis No. 1 — came in with a roar heard thruout the petroleum industry. Whereas the earlier

Photographs Courtesy Pure Oil Company

test wells in the area had yielded 40 to 100 barrels in the first 24 hours of productive life, the Travis spewed out nearly 3,000 barrels even tho the oil was forced to flow thru a 1½ inch choke. In 1938, other companies awoke to the magnitude of the thing, and hustled into action.

Marion county's Salem field, one of the state's richest, was opened July 6, 1938 by the Texas company with a well that brought up 732 barrels of oil in its first 24 hours. Since that day the Salem pool has yielded more than 225 million barrels of oil, 50 per cent more than the entire state has ever produced in a single year.

Another major development in 1938 was that of Carter Oil company in the Loudon pool, Fayette county. Loudon, to date, has produced some 170 million barrels. The huge Clay City pool, underlying parts of four counties, has contributed more than 150 million barrels to the state's total.

In 1940 Illinois oil production reached the astounding total for a single year of 146,788,000 barrels, fourth highest among the oil states and more than 10 per cent of the national output.

They are still drilling new wells in Illinois at the rate of more than 2,000 a year. About half that number are successful in finding oil. That startlingly high percentage should not be taken as indicative of anybody's chances of cashing in on an oil well investment. Most of the new wells are drilled by large companies in areas where previous operations have established the presence of oil in commercially recoverable quantities.

Of 660 wildcats drilled in Illinois in a recent 12 month period, only 10 per cent were producers. Only 3 per cent of the wildcats that were drilled more than two miles away from existing production yielded anything salable.

There are still some 600 million barrels of oil in the ground in Illinois that the oil people know about for sure. These so-called proved reserves are extended periodically as operations disclose the existence of hitherto unknown pools.

Proved reserves generally advance at a faster rate than actual withdrawals. Sometimes it is the other way around. In any case, it has been estimated recently and authoritatively that Illinois has at least 50 more years to go as an oil producing state.

What black gold has done to transform the flat terrain (and economy) of downstate Illinois: airplane view of the vast Wood River Refineries.



By Ira Nickerson

Illustrated by George McVicker

Are Fish Rebelling?

I was gulping coffee and nervously scanning the *Daily News* the other day, when suddenly I saw it—the words leaping at me from beside a girdle ad. Off Guatemala, the report said with diabolical brevity, a fish entered the open mouth of swimmer L. Perez and choked him to death.

The climax of weeks of suspicion had come. I threw the coffee over my shoulder, drank some salt, and retired to the back yard to think.

Shivering over a blazing fire of fishing tackle, I recalled that carefree day, weeks before, when I read the first in a series of fish stories that slowly began shaping into an ominous pattern.

J. Olson of Lewiston, Idaho, was wading in a stream when a trout swam up and gave him a dirty look. Olson stared back. The fish intensified his glare. Unable to endure the sinister scrutiny any longer, Olson finally stoned the thirteen pound trout to death. An onlooking game warden agreed that it was a clear-cut case of self-defense.

A few weeks later, a St. Petersburg, Florida, man caught an octopus emerging from his plumbing. What would possess any octopus to spend days slithering thru dark, cramped pipes to come out in some human's bathtub, I wondered.

Then, in the peaceful shallows near Honolulu, it happened. Surf fisherman M. Silva turned his back on a swordfish and was rushed to a hospital for treatment of a deep puncture in the seat of his pants.

Could the swordfish merely have carried out successfully an assignment his multi-legged cousin in Florida bungled?

I remembered other things. Like that time a year ago when a Lake Michigan bass I had reeled in gave a sudden twitch and drove the hook neatly thru one of my favorite fingers.

And those unsolved mysteries of the sea where ships have been found with sails set, food on the tables, and no one aboard.

Like a drug addict sneaking out of a clinic for one more injection, I took to meeting the paperboy at the corner.

I was soon rewarded by an account of a Virginia catfish who, after gorging himself on refuse from an explosives factory, skulked downstream and permitted himself to be caught. Placed on a frying pan by the unsuspecting angler, he sizzled away, then exploded.

At first my wife objected to wearing a welder's





mask while cooking on Fridays, but yielded to the look in my eye.

In Whiteville, Tennessee, W. Dower was happily trolling when a big bass bounded into his boat. The flailing fish knocked off his glasses, slapped him on the temple, gashed him with a fin and dived back into the water.

The time might well be approaching, I brooded, when fish bragged about the men who got away.

My belief was bolstered by a battle between a six foot, one hundred twenty-five pound tarpon and Bill Bledsoe of Port Isabel, Texas. The fish hurtled into his skiff, broke four of his ribs and knocked him overboard. Bledsoe "got away" when the tarpon was too winded to follow him over the side.

It was then, still shaky over the narrowness of Bledsoe's escape, that I read the macabre communique about Senor Perez down in Guatemala. Could he be the opening victim of a piscatorial Pearl Harbor?

Unwittingly, we've managed to give them their most fearful weapon. We did it in 1946, when we set off an atom bomb underwater. Wait until radioactive fish from Bikini start jumping into boats.

Relations with my wife grew strained after she surprised me testing the canned tuna fish with a Geiger counter.

Things really came to a head, however, when she caught me plugging the drains with cement.

"You don't want an octopus in here, do you?" I croaked.

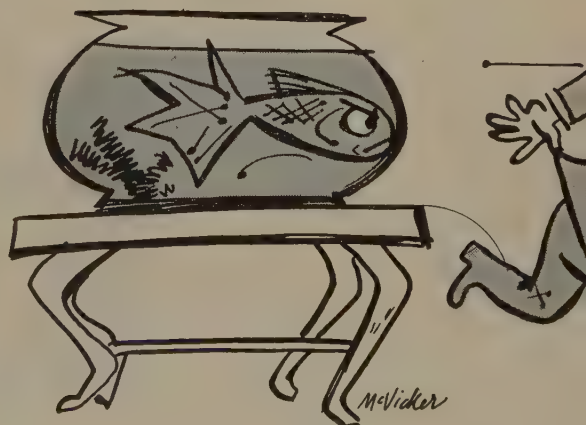
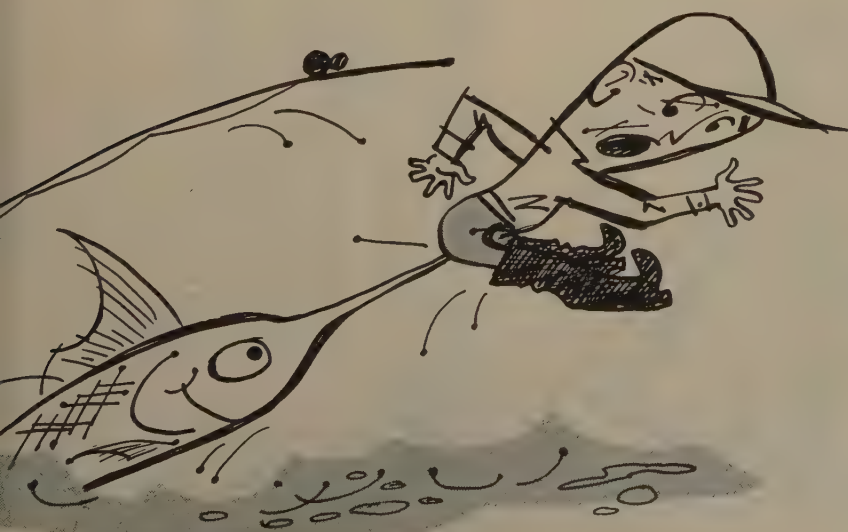
"Of course not, dear. That's very thoughtful of you," she said gently, signaling for the neighbors to close in.

Since then, I've been visited by an endless procession of psychiatrists, including a child psychologist who talked traumata, phylogeny and baby-talk, and an Indian medicine man who brought rain for three days.

Without exception, they declare that the newspaper items my mind has been dwelling on are nothing more than a chain of freak accidents. Once I realize this, my obsession will vanish.

Of course, they are right. Any rational, intelligent adult knows that fish are harmless creatures, ever ready to satisfy man's craving for food and recreation.

I think I'll take a long walk on the prairie. Our goldfish is giving me a hard look.





Shoppers' Showcase

■ Something for the boys this trip!

Stewart Simpson of T. W. Simpson and Sons, hand-tailored clothes, gave me the season's color, texture and silhouette story. Grandfather's favorite, mohair (goat to you), makes its triumphant return, and Italian silk holds its own high place. Dark fabrics, be they Shetland, silk or mohair, are the news. The lady, casting an admiring glance, is also wearing a T. W. Simpson original: a beltless, figure-molding dress and jacket, cowl neck and back-buttoning. Mist tweed is the fabric.

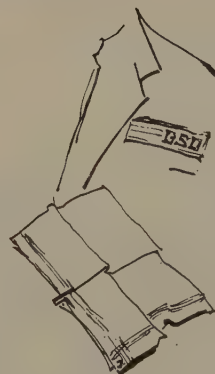
Mr. and Mrs. Carston showed me their wonderful workshop and showroom. Testa designed ties are exclusive with Carston Cravats. Also to be seen are ties woven of Swiss material. Testa ties sell from \$6.50. The brocade textured bow tie illustrated is \$4.00. The same material is used in the regular tie style at \$7.50. And cuff links also of this fabric are featured, with sterling silver backs, at \$4.00 plus federal tax.

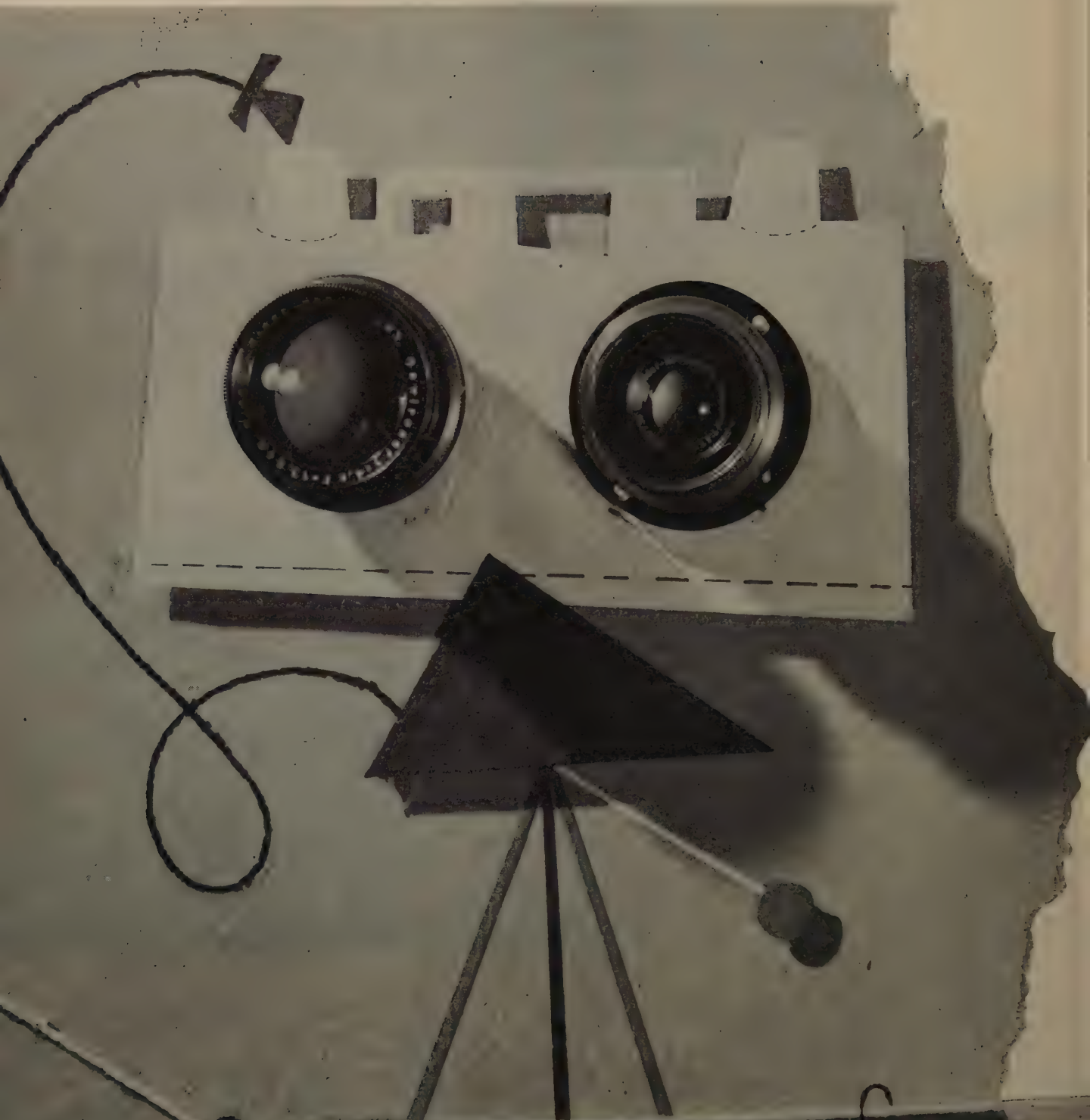
From Franklin-Bayer come hard-to-find and treasured India cotton zephyr pajamas, in gray, blue and yellow, piped and monogrammed in contrasting colors — \$10.95 regular and \$11.75 for 6-footers. Pima cloth boxer or French style shorts are also shown in white, monogrammed in any color, \$4.85. Beautiful handkerchiefs, embroidered in Switzerland, are to be found here, with TV position monogram. These take a 5 or 6-weeks wait and are \$43.75 a dozen. The other handsome number sells for \$1.75 each.

At Charles Mosel there is on view a fine line of original apparel well in advance of the season. Illustrated here is their imported English alpaca Vee-Pullover, \$22.50. Also with crew neck for \$19.50. Gaucho neck 100% Du Pont orlon shirt is shown, \$10.00. Schiaparelli designed the elegant and vivid shirt, \$14.95, and shorts, \$12.95, shown at left. The male will not be pale this season!



... from the sketchbook of
Dorothy Mylrea

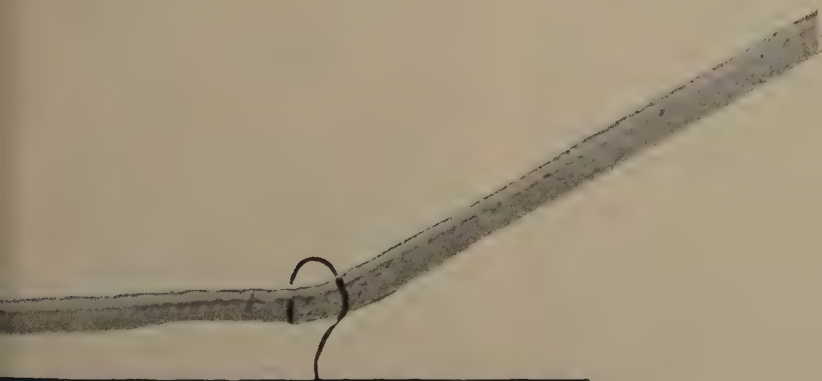




FUN WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHERS

By Ray Brennan

Illustrated by Joe Phelan



▪ If you hang around newspapermen long enough, you'll hear some reporter, writer or editor say, "A news photographer is a guy with a back strong enough to carry a camera and a mind too weak to be a reporter."

Don't believe it.

The newspaper photographers I know in Chicago have brilliant intelligence — comparable to that of successful swindlers, extortionists, jewel thieves and pickpockets.

I know. As a reporter, I have worked for 25 years with the most ferocious, knee-in-the-groin photographers anywhere. They are among the finest, ablest, slickest craftsmen on earth. They have my deepest respect, affection and, at times, downright reverence. I am unreasonably proud of being associated with them and, in a tiny degree, trusted by them.

Their pranks are hilarious, their mistakes goofy, their tragedies dark. They have almost unbelievable insolence, insurmountable charm and alarming cupidity — and their fun is the funniest on earth.

Combat they accept as the breath of life, and they go into battle avidly against cops, FBI agents, outraged politicians, movie stars, and gangsters.

Their war with the FBI has a long, long history. So far the photographers have more victories than defeats.

The federal boys are as secretive as a small town deacon with a half-pint of bourbon. Their policy is to suppress news locally and shoo away photographers until after Chief J. Edgar Hoover has made an announcement in Washington.

Undoubtedly, they have their reasons. The photographers will tell you that these are all concerned with getting Hoover into the headlines.

The first spectacular skirmish between the photogs and Hoover's lads was fought in Chicago back in 1934.

Word came down the grapevine that FBI men had killed a Dillinger gangster, Lester Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, on a highway northwest of Chicago.

A lot of activity and a high concentration of FBI men were reported at an undertaking concern in Niles Center. The *Herald and Examiner* sent a pair of ace photographers,

(Left) when Bill Pauer made this picture, a cornered gunman was doing his best to kill everyone concerned — Bill included. The gunman was killed; Bill was not. But there was no guarantee when he went in with the police. (Center) Delight over a rhubarb between photographers and FBI men brought the grin to Al Capone's face. Bill Pauer of the *Sun-Times* snapped this exclusive shot at Harrisburg, Pa. (Right) When Tony Birardi of the *Herald-American* took this picture of Governor James V. Allred of Texas the Cigar Institute was paying \$10 for pictures of cigar-smokers.

Ralph Frost and James Quinn, to investigate.

The federal men, of course, wouldn't let them into the place. The cameramen reconnoitered, peered in a back window and saw a figure on a slab, covered by a sheet except for protruding feet with the customary identity tag tied to a toe. Beside the body sat an FBI man, a husky one.

The photographers conferred, and Frost returned to the front of the mortuary.

There he launched a theatrical tirade. He waved his camera. He jumped up and down in rage. He screamed and bellowed. He frothed a little at the mouth. He sobbed, and howled that he would go to the nearest river and drown himself.

"I gotta get a picture," he wailed. "My boss will fire me if I don't. My wife and kids will starve. You *can't* stop me from going in there."

The FBI men are decent enough fellows. They gathered around Frost and tried to placate him. Frost howled louder. Exasperated, one of the agents finally handcuffed him to the door handle of a car.

The FBI guard in the back room became alarmed and walked out front to see what was wrong. He forgot to lock the door behind him.

Thru the back window, Quinn saw him leave. Like a flash, he reached the slab, twitched the sheet from the corpse and shot two pictures: the dead man's face and the toe identification tag. Then he was off to his car and on his way to the paper.

The handcuffed Frost continued to rave for a few minutes. Then he stopped and grinned impudently at the FBI men. They knew at once they had been chumped, and there was nothing they could do about it. Quinn was gone with his pictures. Frost was innocent of any crime; they had to let him go.

▪ Another hilarious and daffy ruckus took place between the FBI and a Chicago photographer when Al Capone was released from Alcatraz.

The FBI undertook to give him super-secret escort by train to Harrisburg, Pa., whence he was to be taken to a federal detention place for demobilization, so to speak.

But a Pullman porter tipped the news to a city editor, Bruce Grant, and a phenomenal chase began. Chicago *Sun-Times* reporter Frank Smith and photographer Bill Pauer got to Harrisburg by chartered plane, reached the railroad station, took cover behind pillars, and waited until a platoon of government men took Capone off a train.

Employing the military element of

surprise, Pauer and Smith raced out of concealment, with the photographer shooting pictures and the reporter yelling interview questions at Capone.

The hour was three in the morning, and the melee in the deserted station was a classic. The government agents rushed the newsmen desperately, trying to prevent photos and maintain secrecy. Smith, a brawny football player and lifeguard in his earlier days, blocked off the plunging FBI men. Pauer, taking evasive action, shot picture after picture and thrust the plate holders inside his shirt for safekeeping.

In the midst of the rhubarb Capone, whose brain was already suffering the ravages of the disease that killed him eight years later, danced up and down and cheered both sides. It was probably his last big thrill.

Not all gangsters submit so gracefully to photography. Bill Pauer found that out on a blistering hot August afternoon in 1949.

The police were chasing a two-gun desperado, Edward Schuman, in a stolen car, and Pauer joined the pursuit. The fugitive was cornered at last in a North Western Railroad freight depot, with 200 policemen gathered outside.

Half a dozen of the more courageous officers, carrying machine guns and other weapons, finally went in after Schuman. Pauer—armed with a camera—went with them. With bullets snarling past his head, he made a photographic documentary of the hoodlum being killed.

Peril of life and limb is more or less a commonplace in a newspaper photographer's life. There was the incident of John Pagoria, one-time Chicago *Sun* photographer who now sells automobiles.

John was assigned to expose a racketeering seer who was conducting seances on the South Side. He went to the mystic's establishment one night with a tiny camera in his pocket, bent on catching the fellow in some trickery. He seated himself among the clients and the lights went out.

Almost immediately, in the darkness, Pagoria felt the blade of a knife against his throat and heard a whisper: "Get out of here or you'll die."

John complied hurriedly, and to this day he has a certain grudging belief in people who claim clairvoyance.

The law itself puts obstacles in the path of duty for photographers, but without much success. Most photographers have been threatened with jail. Even more of them probably deserve it. Bill Sturm, *Sun-Times* man, is one who actually went to jail.

He was working for the Baltimore *News* in the late twenties and was assigned to the murder trial of Richard Reese Whittemore, a jail breaker and all-around badman. Bill went to court with a camera under his coat, sat at the press table and heard the judge say, "If any photographer takes a picture in this courtroom, I'll send him to jail."

Undeterred, Bill took pictures. So the judge cited him—and his city editor and two other editors—for contempt. And he sentenced them all to a day in jail.

"I'll never forget it," Sturm recalls. "The sheriff met me and the editors at the *News* office at 6 p.m. one day. He took us to his home. The editors sent out to a fine restaurant for planked steaks—thick sirloins on a board, with mashed potatoes in fancy curlicues and lots of vegetables. I was a young fellow on a small salary, and I had never eaten so good." About 9 o'clock, the sheriff took them all to the jail hospital and locked them in one of the wards. A poker game started, and young Sturm won \$35. At 8 a.m. next day they were freed to go back to work. Bill looks back on the incident with nostalgia. Says he: "I never ate a planked steak before or since, and I've never been so lucky in a poker game, either."

▪ Good luck, bad luck run in streaks for a photog.

Take the case of Jack Spray of the Chicago *Herald* and *Examiner*. He and another photographer from the same paper were sent on an assignment to Stateville death house—two men, in case one got caught.

Both of them got pictures (of Gerald Thompson being executed for murder) and raced back toward Chicago in separate cars.

Then hard luck took over with Spray. He had a flat tire. He ruined the tire by driving three miles to a service station to get it changed. Then, just inside the city limits a drunken driver smashed into his car and wrecked it. Undaunted, Jack left the car and took a taxicab.

He arrived hours late, after the other photographer's pictures already were in the paper, and the city desk didn't even offer him sympathy.

The city editor turned a deaf ear to Jack's pleas for money to repair his car, for at least a replacement of the ruined flat tire—and finally even for the cab fare.

"Get away from me," said the city editor. "You flopped on the assignment. You're lucky you aren't fired."

A bad break like that usually moves a photog to express himself in a few short, scurrilous words. But the boys

will talk for hours about lucky pictures taken by a fluke.

Carmen Reporto has a classic along that line. As an apprentice on the *Chicago Sun*, he tagged along to the Chicago Stadium boxing matches one night with Bill Knefel, a veteran sports photographer.

Knefel went back to the office with his pictures after the main event; young Carmen stayed on for a concluding bout. He shot a picture of a knockout, but didn't think much of it.

Next day he developed the film at the office and, seeking constructive criticism, showed the print to the picture editor. The editor took one look. Leaping to his feet, he pounded the junior cameraman on the back and congratulated him roundly.

"Gee," said Carmen, "I didn't know it would be any good. I offered it to the *Daily News* photog because I figured it was too late for our morning paper, but he said he didn't want any of my amateur junk."

You've probably seen the picture. Entitled "Rigor Mortis," it was first published in the *Sun* on January 21, 1945. It showed the fighter—rigid and at a 45-degree angle—toppling to the canvas. It won first prize in three national contests.

Photographers, who have their reasons for hating all mankind, take great joy in being assigned to make an uncomplimentary picture.

▪ Many years ago, a *Chicago Tribune* cameraman was ordered to take such a picture of Len Small, a governor of Illinois who was despised by the *Tribune* and its publisher, Col. Robert R. McCormick. Specifically, he was told to get one in which Small looked "like a village idiot."

The photog spent three months on the job, snapping scores of pictures of his victim. Finally he got one that would have brought a flinch of terror from a passport inspector.

The *Tribune* used that picture to the exclusion of all others, year after year, whenever it ran a story about Small. It was dropped only at his death; charitably, the paper did not use it with his obituary.

That sort of treatment is usually directed by the Front Office, but cameramen have also been known to wreak horrid vengeance on their own wicked initiative.

But the fiendish ingenuity of the photog is not at all limited to taking unlovely pictures. There was the cameraman who was tossed out of a saloon when he tried to make a picture after a robbery.

A few days later, he was assigned to cover a sob story about an aged horse being picked up by the Animal

Rescue League after years of toil on a peddler's wagon. To the astonishment of his colleagues, he proclaimed abiding love for horses and asked that the animal be given to him.

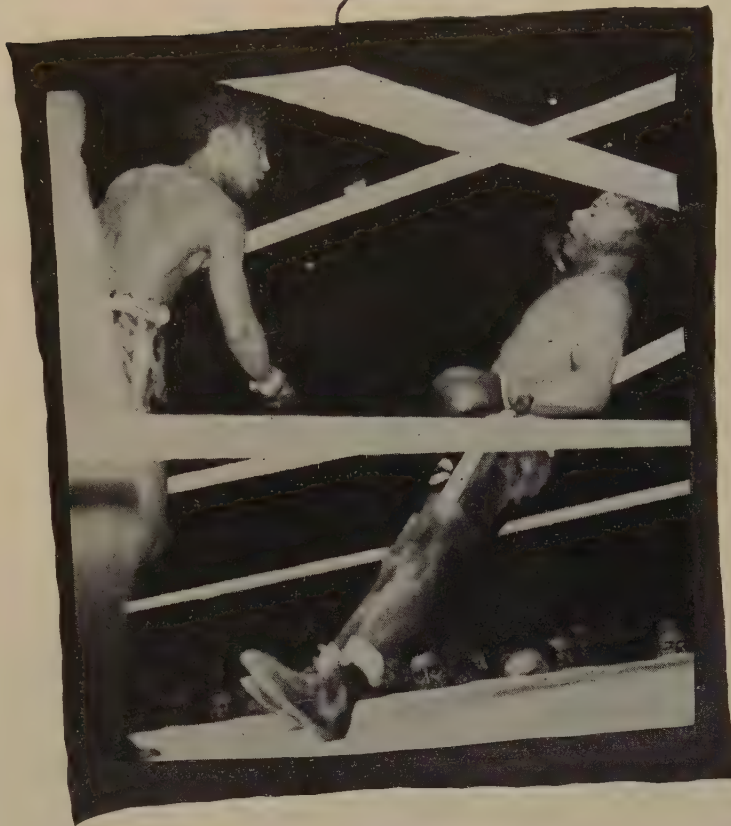
"Don't destroy this noble steed," he said. "Give him to me. I will provide him with a fine home for the rest of his life on my uncle's farm."

He got the horse, loaded it on a truck, and hauled it—not to a non-existent uncle's non-existent farm—but to the saloon where he had suffered indignity.

He led the animal thru the door, lined it up at the bar, and smiled politely at the owner. Then, stepping back one pace, he whipped a .45 pistol from under his coat and shot the horse in the head, killing it.

It is very easy to lead a live horse thru a saloon door. The problem of getting a prone dead one out forced the saloon keeper to close the place up for two days.

In the time it took you to read this, some photographer has undoubtedly created two new legends. The stories can go on forever. But there is one anecdote about them all that seems definitive. It deals with Why So Many People Suddenly Started Smoking Cigars.



Carmen Reporto, then an apprentice on the *Sun's* photo staff, stayed to catch this ending of a post-final. Unaware that he had a prize-winner, he tried to give it away.

Picture editors, a number of years ago, became puzzled about an abundance of pictures in which the subject was always shown ostentatiously smoking a cigar.

Politicians, actors and other males pictured in the public prints, including boys of high school age and elderly clergymen, were invariably shown clutching stogies.

A photo editor investigated and got the answer. The Cigar Institute of America was paying \$10 to each photographer who got a picture published of a man smoking a cigar.

The editor protested to his superiors and got the bonanza killed. Photographers were given distinct instructions to stop shoving cigars into the mouths of their subjects.

I would not be this man for anything in the world. It may take years, but I will bet anything he will some day wind up with a dead horse in his living room.

Photographers avow he is the type who says, "A news photographer is a guy with a back strong enough to carry a camera and a mind too weak to be a reporter."

Don't believe that—and I'll tell you why.

It isn't *always* true.

Northwestern Theater Department:

NO TRADE SCHOOL

By Beverly Fields

Faculty of the Theater Department

Lee Mitchell, Ph.D.

Chairman; Studies in Historical Production; Dramatic Criticism; Directing; Seminars.

Theodore Fuchs, M.A.

Stage Lighting; Seminars.

Walter Scott, Ph.D.

Dramatic Literature; Theater History; Playwriting; Seminars.

Alvina Krause, M.S.

Acting; Directing.

Herbert Philippi, M.A.

Scenery; Properties.

Ida Mae Goe, M.A.

Costuming; Make-up.

Edward Crowley, M.A.

Acting; Directing; Promotion.

Rita Criste, M.A.

Children's Theater.

Robert Schneideman, M.A.

Acting; Directing.

■ Among the American universities that welcome the theater into the curriculum as a field for serious scholarship, Northwestern University in Evanston ranks high. This year the bill of plays is, as usual, widely representative of modern and pre-modern drama; there have been performances of Shakespeare, Racine, Maugham, Behrman and Pirandello, and the season will finish with Moliere. "All these playwrights have been given thoughtful and searching attention by the faculty members who mount and direct the plays and by the students who act in them and assist in their production. There is, however, one noticeable lack in the University theater schedule, and that is the absence on the bill of any plays written by students.

Lee Mitchell, chairman of the theater department, explains this in a statement of the intention behind the selection of plays for performance. "Our purpose is to choose plays that will provide the most valuable learning experience for the students. If an original play came along that could provide such experience, of course

we would produce it." The student playwright is, apparently, not present in such numbers as would justify a special concern with valuable learning experience for him. There is only one elementary playwriting course in the curriculum, and its members have their works performed infrequently in the student workshop.

■ A conversation with Lee Mitchell is apt to seem one-sided. He has the air of being occupied exclusively with his own thoughts, which he expresses with some elegance in a quietly modulated voice; but at the moment when one is most convinced that he is unaware of any presence but his own he is likely to startle his companion by responding to a fractionally articulated idea as if it had been fully stated. One of his faculty colleagues tried to explain it this way: "He's remarkably sensitive, and that detachment is probably an almost conscious precaution against receiving more impressions than he cares to deal with." He appears to have a highly developed sense of orderliness that expresses itself in well organized class lectures, in a strong regard for schedule and punctuality and even in the way he moves about, which is with a kind of neat, graceful economy.

The plays he directs and his approach to them reflect this concern with tidiness. His latest production was the French neo-classical *Phaedra*, written by Jean Racine in the seventeenth century, and modelled after the *Hippolytus* of Euripides. Preparations for *Phaedra* went on for the better part of a year from the time it was chosen last spring until its opening performance last March 2. Mitchell spent the intervening summer months comparing various trans-



lations of the play with each other and with the original before he arrived at a working script, and in this he had the help of Professor Bernard Weinberg of the Romance Languages department.

"We are right in the midst of people who know the most about the best," he said. "Our attempt is to get as true a production as possible. We do very little cutting and keep the text as close to the original as we can. If it's dull — well, it's dull. But people who come to see the play see it as it is and not as a watering down or an adaptation."

■ Late last November the play was open for casting, which took ten days. One hundred twenty students tried out for the eight parts, but rehearsals were on their way before Christmas. To stage a play involving eight actors requires the backstage efforts of about sixty people who make up the scenery, properties, lighting, costumes and make-up crews drawn from the various stagecraft courses. The crews are headed up by graduate students under supervising faculty members.

Phaedra opened to a packed house on the snowiest night of the year, and it wasn't dull, except where the less talented actors boggled at understanding and substituted instead a careful reproduction of acquired techniques. The tirades of Racine's tragedy are a brisk test of any actor's ability; there are so many of them, and they tempt the player to a display of sheer virtuosity. On the whole, however, the performance rose above rhetoric; in many places the actors showed an impressive range of feeling and intelligence.

The staging was very attractive, and Mitchell's direction showed its customary scholarly decorum, attentive to both the formal structure and the high-pitched expression that Racine's play demands. I have no first-hand information about the *Comedie Francaise*, but a well-travelled friend of mine remarked that in the matter of the declamatory style the production had got the feeling of the French theater very well.

■ The careful, painstaking research, the long, intensive rehearsal period, and the active backstage participation that lead to a University theater production bring gratifying results. Mitchell says, "You can estimate the success of the school in some measure by the success of the people who have come out of it." The school is saturated in lore, nostalgia and pride about the professional theater people it has produced. One of its most distinguished graduates is Walter Kerr,

High in the entertainment firmament now, all the people pictured on this page began in Northwestern's theater department.



Jennifer Jones



*From left, Ralph Meeker, currently the virile hero in *Picnic*, as he looked in student days; Janet Dowd, last seen in Chicago in a supporting role in *I Am a Camera*; Jean Hagen, now in the movies.*



*Patricia Neal's most recent local appearance was in Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*; and there's also Edgar Bergen, shown with associates.*



who spent some years on the faculty of Catholic university in Washington, wrote *Touch and Go* and *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, which were produced on Broadway, and is now drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Besides Kerr, there is a respectable number of latter-day alumni engaged in making names for themselves, and a few have already made them. Charlotte Rae is playing in New York's Theater de Lys production of *The Three Penny Opera*; Paul Lynd, Carol Lawrence and Faith Burwell joined the stage company of *New Faces* when it was here and moved on to make the movie in Hollywood; Ralph Meeker is starring in *Picnic*; Lydia Clarke has a sizable part in the Chicago company of *The Seven Year Itch*; Charlton Heston has made several movies; Patricia Neal played in the recently revived *Children's Hour* in Chicago; Jean Hagen is busy with MGM studios; and Jennifer Jones is — Jennifer Jones. Despite these rather luminous statistics, Mitchell says that the aim of the school is not to prepare its students for Broadway or Hollywood.

"This is not a trade school," he said, "in the sense that Yale, Carnegie Tech, Goodman, and the American Academy of Dramatic Art are. The difference between a university and a professional school is the difference between training and education. Training is aimed primarily at the development of skills, whereas the end of education is not skills but understanding. Of course we teach skills here, but in a broader context. Candidates for a degree in the theater department are required to take half their work in other departments of the university. The pay-off seems to be that most of our theater students make out very well. Very few fail to make a living, if not in professional theater, in teaching or community theater. The professional schools have their distinguished alumni, but not as many as we have."

- Of the nine faculty members in the theater department, only four direct the plays in the University theater. They are Lee Mitchell, Edward Crowley, Robert Schneideman, and Alvina Krause. While all the directors have some influence on the students who are learning to act, the profoundest influence must be attributed to Miss Krause, who teaches all the advanced acting courses in the curriculum. She says, "We work with all forms of drama and believe in trying

to find the acting style that applies to each form. If Stanislavski applies, all right. We're not devoted to any one system, because who knows where drama is going? The basic principles of acting and directing — I know them thoroly. Once you know them, then you can depart. Stanislavski stems from realistic drama — from Chekhov. In Shaw you have to stand apart a little — you have to involve the audience in his debates. Brecht departs more completely. As a school of the theater we have a concern about training people in all forms."

Part of her teaching technique, however, is to encourage students to use their own experiences as material for studying characterization, a method right out of Stanislavski's book. "I start with improvisation," she said, "a term that is so misunderstood. It is a working for truth and honesty — away from faking." Her basic idea is to train the total personality. "You don't act with just voice and body, but with everything that you are — mind, imagination, senses, the ability to see, observe and eventually to understand."

In one of her classes the students attempt to discover everything they are and something about what other people are in two ways. One is a written autobiography that is turned in in weekly installments. Students may read these aloud at class sessions or not, as they choose. Most of them choose to do so. This class is quite small and meets informally in Miss Krause's office, where she manages effectively to induce a relaxed, permissive atmosphere. One student, in the course of an autobiography, described her as "a sparrow of a woman, lightly smiling, poised gently on her chair, throat arched — for what? song? or food?"

- The second major assignment in the class is a full characterization of someone — outside the class — whom the student knows intimately. Since the subject of the study is unaware that it is going on, this project, which is pursued for a full term, involves a kind of *sub rosa* interview technique calculated to draw forth personality essences. The climax of this study, which is discussed and worked out in class, is a written characterization that is staged in the theater as a final examination exercise. There is no audience except the class members, and no evidence to date of results in terms of broken friendships.

Miss Krause's responsibilities in-

clude the supervision of the workshop, where scenes, short plays or, occasionally, original plays written by members of Walter Scott's playwriting class, are produced and directed entirely by students. Performances here have only the simplest settings; the emphasis is on acting and directing. After each performance Miss Krause holds a kind of forum in which she encourages the student audience and the directors and actors to discuss faults and virtues.

She also supervises one student-directed play in the University theater every year. The practice of giving a graduate student the opportunity to direct a regular theater production is only three years old, and it was Miss Krause's idea. Graduate students petition for the privilege, and once it has been granted Miss Krause gives the student director a more or less free hand, altho she makes herself available for conferences and consultations.

- Since 1945 Miss Krause has run a summer theater in Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania, called the Playhouse, where she produces nine plays a season, over a gamut that runs from Shakespeare's *Othello* to *Room Service*. The majority of the actors are Northwestern students, who are selected by her according to their interest and ability. The theater, which makes no profit but is self-supporting, has no connection with the university; Miss Krause says it provides the students an opportunity to test their abilities in what she refers to as "a pragmatic situation." Like most summer theaters, the Playhouse has no division of labor; actors paint, build and move scenery, work the lights and participate in all the work of production. Unlike most summer theaters, however, its aim is to build an audience that can enjoy the best dramatic repertory. It has been very successful; Shaw's plays have outdone *Room Service* at the box office.

This is an objective that the University theater itself has realized to a gratifying degree. Mitchell says, "The majority of our audiences are subscribers who have been coming to the theater for years and so are able to compare the efforts of one player with his predecessors in previous performances of the same play. They are likely to form a highly critical group, and this is good for the students."

My own inclination, on leaving the theater after a performance, is to say simply, "Good for the students."

metry. One of their popular all-over patterns, based on a crowd of people and called "Open House" was chosen for the executive offices of the Santa Fe railroad. For Fred Harvey's Iron Horse lounge in the Union Station, designed by Raymond Loewy Associates, they created a pattern based on old steam engines and engine parts. Their repertory of original designs may be seen by appointment.

■ *Reg/Wick* is the firm name of Elsa Regensteiner and Julia McVicker, energetic and resourceful weavers who have won national recognition and many fascinating commissions since they first met at the Institute of Design. Their luxurious handwoven upholstery or drapery material is often inspired by natural objects such as rocks, lichens or bits of wood. They do all designing together, and threads are dyed at the studio to make up the first samples. Their fabrics are characterized by richness and variety of texture and by their permanent qualities: color fastness and integrity of material. In their custom designing they dye yarns to order and can produce combinations of pattern and texture that are impossible in mass production. They are leaders in establishing the vogue which in the last few years has gone from heavy upholstery fabric to fish net; now the trend is to tightly woven, lightweight silk and linen for upholstery.

For those of us who want something outstanding at a moderate price, they have good news. *Reg/Wick* is now designing for industry and the power loom, and just this year the Foster Textile Mills (whose offices in the Merchandise Mart will give you a list of retail stores where the fabrics may be obtained) brought out a co-ordinated line with colors that harmonize and weaves that complement one another. *Reg/Wick's* designs were so well interpreted by the textile mill that the original handwoven samples can hardly be differentiated from the machine product. There are eight distinct patterns in light and airy cotton weaves suitable for draperies and bedspreads, available in six colors. Handwoven ma-

terials from the same designer cost eight times as much.

■ The work of *Helen Watson Reifler*, a newcomer to Chicago, was outstanding in the Renaissance Society's recent exhibition of modern pottery at the University of Chicago. Mrs. Reifler's pottery shows strongly the two principal influences to which she has been exposed: the Oriental consciousness of the West Coast (where she was a student at Scripps College), and the Swedish imprint which predominated in the work she produced during the last year as a Fulbright student at the State School for Arts and Crafts (*Konstfack-skolen*) in Stockholm.

The earthenware bowls she made in California are distinguished by pleasing classic shapes and brilliant yellow and oxblood glazes. The more inventive shapes of her Swedish period are incorporated in high-fire stoneware in quiet grays, greens and browns. All these were produced at the potter's wheel and combine wheel-thrown forms with hand-pulled lips and handles. Mrs. (Ronald) Reifler also makes handsome decorative wall plaques which provide a striking accent for garden or fireplace.

She is much concerned with the role of the craftsman-designer in industry, and spoke of the reluctance of many United States potteries to employ outstanding designers. In Sweden, she says, factories are smaller and there is not the break between hand-made custom articles and the industrial and mass-produced. Many of the hand processes are retained. Mrs. Reifler's ceramics, which are ideal for a wedding present or house gift, may be seen by appointment.

■ *Denst and Soderlund*, 1652 east 87th street, make handprinted silk-screen wallpapers in a large variety of design and color. Their papers may be seen at their shop, or thru decorators and architects. Screens cut by hand are printed in oil colors made as permanent as possible, on washable grounds. The shop where the work is done has an excellent system for printing and drying, and

pattern swatches with color keys in their own code numbers hang above the printing frames.

An Oriental flavor prevails in some designs, such as in the gold and gray triangles of "Medieval," or in the birds of "American Tapestry." (Denst was stationed in Hawaii during the war.) There are amusing subject papers, such as "Kids' Mural," "Lanterns" and "Shoes and Clogs." They are proud of the textured papers with which they have won Good Design awards. I found a recent paper called "Winter" (based on dried prairie weeds: milk weed pods and dried grasses) especially pleasing. Not content to lend their imagination only to residential interiors, these young men have created papers for industry, doing an amusing sewing machine, tape and dressmaker dummy design for Pfaff Sewing Machine company, and another one of barns, wheat, goats and windmills for Kraft Foods.

■ *Mrs. Albert Halasi* is another expert craftsman who designs in her home and produces in her workshop-kitchen. Having learned silversmithing as a young girl in her native Hungary, she did not pick it up again until she left Belgium on the eve of the war in 1939 and came to New York with her economics professor husband. In her silver jewelry she makes much of etched textures and contrasts of oxidized and burnished surfaces. Using a great variety of styles and techniques, she fashions brooches, necklaces, bracelets, earrings and cuff links.

Her stunning deep cuff bracelets with necklace and earrings to match are composed of alternating triangles of bright and oxidized metal. She has some charming tulip brooches and earrings, based on Hungarian folk art, and a few of her most unusual pins and earrings have a punched background. She has been inspired by such diverse natural forms as the skin of a cantaloupe, algae and coral, and by Hungarian wood carving and Chinese animal motifs. Anna Halasi's distinctive jewelry may be found at Bordelon's on the South Side, or at Carson's in the Loop.

If a Pianist's Fingers Smoke on the Keyboard, the Audience Has a Right to Expect Fire

▪ The Midwest has managed to supply this nation with some of its greatest comics and buffoons, whether deliberately or by accident. In the process, it has occasionally not bothered to say whether it was being serious, if, indeed, it knew. Tho this circumstance may sometimes be a healthy thing, it leads to confusion.

One such confusion centers on a Milwaukee piano player named Liberace, who entertains his audience with a skill ranging from expertly directed showmanship to rank exhibitionism. But above all, he entertains them, and critics all over the country are forced either to comment acidly on the musicianship which he hardly pretends to have, or to remain silent. No one seems to have tried to explain the Liberace situation, tho there are some good explanations which have a certain importance.

Pianists ever since the grand era of the 19th century have depended mightily on illusion. Many of them were also good musicians; but they recognized the value of a good show, the unmistakable importance of the flourish which began when Paganini rose from the dead and ended when Paderewski joined them. But it was a process of addition, of overlay, of decoration. They added expert showmanship to profound musical intelligence. They tried not to separate the two, and the process at its best was an interwoven embroidery of musicianship and stage presence.

Like any decorative process, however, it ran certain risks. In the course of time it became clear that the basic form being decorated could be obliterated by the very weight of the decoration, that it could finally col-

lapse quietly beneath the curlicues and flourishes. At this point the decoration begins to destroy itself, to become a moth-eaten, satirical commentary on the underlying substance which once was there. All that remains is the showmanship; and this is the art of Liberace. But why do I say it is confusing?

Because Liberace's peculiar skill is not recognized as his answer to the questions audiences have asked critics and teachers for years. Where is this silken, smooth tone you tell us we heard last night? Where is the glowing harmony, the passion we are supposed to listen for? Audiences can be terribly realistic about such things.

▪ Liberace's approach is much simpler, much more realistic, and much easier to follow than the subtleties of a metaphor. He doesn't thunder; he pounds. His melodies don't flow liquidly, they drool salivatically. He doesn't try to make the instrument whisper; he does the whispering himself, according, I presume, to the correct assumption that the human vocal mechanism can do a better job of this than hammers and strings could ever hope to do. Nor, finally, does his tone glow, burn, smoke or glitter. A candelabra planted firmly and unmistakably by his side gives a far more accurate representation of these phenomena. This, in short, is a new kind of realism; and Liberace is to be congratulated.

What is more important, however, is what his performance passes for, not what it is. He demonstrates that large audiences can be drawn into the concert hall for something which purports to be a piano recital. It

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means, fundamentally, that Liberace has an art which the public is willing to support, and since financial support is important to art, one is forced to say that he has achieved notable success. This, however, judges the audience, not the art.

The art is constructed on one of the oldest techniques of the tribal magician: the misdirection of attention. The audience is made to look only toward the performer, his manner, his facial expressions, the motions of his hands, and, above all, to listen to his spiel. The audience's attention is directed away from the music, the instrument, and the techniques of piano performance. In some respects this is just as well.

Liberace's piano technique is built on arpeggios and octaves, a simple foundation on which boy pianists have stood for generations. The discovery of these devices comes usually at a time when banging and pounding is in a not so mysterious rhythmic accord with many elements of the adolescent world. And I suppose you could call it romantic, even tho it's frequently outgrown before it becomes too public. Nonetheless, it is the personal relationship which the performer sets up between himself and the audience which is the art in Liberace's show. The music is irrelevant. The instrument could be any one of many. Personal projection is the important thing.

■ The personality of the performer as an independent variable is not an important part of musical performance. The important elements are the music, the performer's instrumental technique and intelligence, and the audience's immediate experience with the dynamic sound. The audience is fundamentally concerned with acoustics, and with the intellectual and emotional patterns which it can abstract from the total experience with sound. The personality of the performer is present only insofar as it can be filtered thru the total experience. But control and direction are governed by the directions of the composer and the limitations of the instrument.

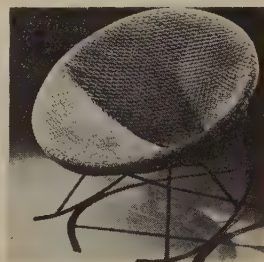
For many performers this is too small a role to play. For many audiences this is too complex a thing to bother with. And for many critics, this is too unpopular a thing to discuss. But for Liberace this is a thing on which to capitalize. He gives the audience what it wants and takes a goodly sum of money for his services. It may not be the most virtuous course of action, but it is a familiar one; and history has shown that it can't do much harm.

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Contributors

A downstate native, William Clark (*Oil In Illinois*), is now a financial reporter for the *Tribune*.

The author of *A Penny's Worth*, J. W. Dickson, is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade who has been in the grain business for 20 years. Writing is one of his hobbies, and the story in this issue stems from another, numismatics.

All that Ira Nickerson (*Are Fish Rebelling?*) says about himself is that he is Eddie Bracken's brother-in-law.

Charles Fenno Hoffman's essay (*As We Were*) was written in 1834. It was edited by Warren S. Tryon and reprinted in *A Mirror for Americans* (University of Chicago Press, 1952).

Fun with the Photogs is based on Ray Brennan's 25 years in the Chicago newspaper business. When somebody writes a piece about the legendary exploits of reporters, Brennan will be the hero of several.

Erratum. The April issue of Chicago carried an article by Alson J. Smith (The Biggest Floating Crap Game in the World), from his recent book, "Syndicate City." The Editors neglected to state on the title page of the article that it was used thru the courtesy of Henry Regnery Co., the only general book publishers in this area.

How quickly they got here. The Potawatomes, bare-foot and bankrupt, had hardly slouched off toward the west, the wolves skulked off to the nothern timberland, the soldiers begun to garrison the fort, the trappers and merchants started to ply their trades — when the tourists and the reporters came from the East and Europe. They were looking for the picturesque, for the frontier, and found both in the little village on the mudflats which served as the point of portage from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi. Even the earliest visitors reported and shared a conviction that the village had a future. Charles Fenno Hoffman, a widely-read author in his own day, was one of the first to record his impression that something new had taken root on the shores of the Chicago river. From *A Winter In The West*, published in 1835 by Harpers.

AS WE WERE

We had not been in Chicago an hour before an invitation to a public ball was courteously sent to us by the managers; and though my soiled and travel-worn riding-dress was not exactly the thing to present one's self in before ladies of an evening, yet, in my earnestness to see life on the frontier, I easily allowed all objections to be overruled by my companions, and we accordingly drove to the house in which the ball was given.

It was a frame-building, one of the few as yet to be found in Chicago; which, although one of the most ancient French trading-posts on the Lakes, can only date its growth as a village since the Indian war, eighteen months since. When I add that the population has *quintupled* last summer and that but few mechanics have come in with the prodigious increase of residents, you can readily imagine that the influx of strangers far exceeds the means of accommodations; while scarcely a house, however comfortable looking outside, contains more than two or three finished rooms.

We were ushered into a tolerably sized dancing-room, occupying the second story of the house, and having its unfinished walls so ingeniously covered with pine-branches and flags borrowed from the garrison, that, with the white-washed ceiling above, it presented a very complete and quite pretty appearance. It was not so warm, however, that the fires of cheerful hickory, which roared at either end, could have been readily dispensed with. An

orchestra of unplanned boards was raised against the wall in the centre of the room; the band consisting of a dandy negro with his violin, a fine military-looking bass drummer from the fort, and a volunteer citizen who alternately played an accompaniment on the flute and triangle. As for the company, it was such a complete medley of all ranks, ages, professions, trades, and occupations, from all parts of the world, and now for the first time brought together, that it was amazing to witness the decorum with which they commingled on this festive occasion. The managers (among whom were some officers of the garrison) must certainly be *au fait* at dressing a lobster and mixing regent's punch, in order to have produced a harmonious compound from such a collection of contrarities. The gayest figure that was ever called by quadrille playing Benoit never afforded me half the amusement that did these Chicago cotillions. Here you might see a veteran officer in full uniform balancing to a tradesman's daughter still in her short frock and trousers, while there the golden aiguillette of a handsome surgeon flapped in unison with the glass beads upon a scrawny neck of fifty. In one quarter, the high-placed buttons of a linsey-woolsey coat would be *dos a dos* to the elegantly turned shoulders of a delicate-looking southern girl; and in another, a pair of Cinderella-like slippers would chassez across with a brace of thick-soled broghans, in making which, one of the lost feet of the Colossus of Rhodes may have served for a last. Those raven locks, dressed *a la Madonne*, over eyes of jet, and touching a cheek where blood of a deeper hue, mingling with the less glowing current from European veins, tell of a lineage drawn from the original owners of the soil; while these golden tresses, floating away from eyes of heaven's own colour over a neck of alabaster, recall the Gothic ancestry of some of "England's born." How piquantly do these trim and beaded leggins peep from under that simple dress of black, as its tall nut-brown wearer moves, as if unconsciously, through the graceful mazes of the dance. How divertingly do those inflated gigots, rising like wind-sails from that little Dutch-built hull, jar against those tall plumes which impend over them like a commodore's pennant on the same vessel. But what boots all these incongruities, when a spirit of festive good-humour animates every one present. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world" (as I hear it judiciously observed this side of the mountains), and why should not all these kinds of people be represented as well in a ball-room as in a legisla-

ture? At all events, if I wished to give an intelligent foreigner a favourable opinion of the manners and deportment of my countrymen in the aggregate, I should not wish a better opportunity, after explaining to him the materials of which it was composed, and the mode in which they were brought together from every section of the Union, than was afforded by this very ball. "This is a scene of enchantment to me, sir," observed an officer to me, recently exchanged to this post, and formerly stationed here. "There were but a few traders around the fort when I last visited Chicago, and now I can't contrive where the devil all these well-dressed people have come from!"

It has been so cold, indeed, as almost to render writing impracticable in a place so comfortless. The houses were built with such rapidity, during the summer, as to be mere shells; and the thermometer having ranged as low as 28 below zero, during several days it has been almost impossible, notwithstanding the large fires kept up by an attentive landlord, to prevent the ink from freezing while using it, and one's fingers become so numb in a very few moments when thus exercised, that, after vainly trying to write in gloves, I have thrown by my pen, and joined the group, composed of all the household, around the bar-room fire. This room, which is an old log-cabin aside of the main house, is one of the most comfortable places in town, and is, of course, much frequented; business being, so far as one can judge from the concourse that throng it, nearly at a stand still. Several persons have been severely frostbitten in passing from door to door; and not to mention the quantity of poultry and pigs that have been frozen, an ox, I am told, has perished from cold in the streets at noonday. An

occasional Indian, wrapped in his blanket, and dodging about from store to store after a dram of whiskey, or a muffled-up Frenchman, driving furiously in his cariole on the river, are almost the only human beings abroad; while the wolves, driven in by the deep snows which preceded this severe weather, troop through the town after nightfall, and may be heard howling continually in the midst of it.

The situation of Chicago, on the edge of the Grand Prairie, with the whole expanse of Lake Michigan before it, gives the freezing winds from the Rocky Mountains prodigious effect, and renders a degree of temperature which in sheltered situations is but little felt, almost painful here.

The town lies upon a dead level, along the banks of a narrow forked river, and is spread over a wide extent of surface to the shores of the lake, while vessels of considerable draught of water can, by means of the river, unload in the centre of the place. I believe I have already mentioned that four-fifths of the population have come in since last spring; the erection of new buildings during the summer has been in the same proportion; and although a place of such mushroom growth can, of course, boast of but little solid improvement in the way of building, yet contracts have been made for the ensuing season which must soon give Chicago much of that metropolitan appearance it is destined so promptly to assume. As a place of business, its situation at the central head of the Mississippi Valley will make it the New-Orleans of the north; and its easy and close intercourse with the most flourishing eastern cities will give it the advantage, as its capital increases, of all their improvements in the mode of living.



THE CORNER of Lake and Market streets in 1833. There were gala cotillions in this two-story inn, and in the log cabin wing at left was a warm and cheerful bar-room. The view is to the east with Lake Michigan on the horizon; the Chicago river is at left. The river runs along Lake street and meets the lake where the two blockhouses of Fort Dearborn rise in the left distance. The photograph, courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, is of the society's diorama of the town 120 years ago.

No matter if it's winter,
 spring, summer, fall,
 —when the ready palate
 meets the right chef,
 then it's always



SEASON TO TASTE

By Eleanore Langdon and Jeanette Oates

Drawing by Martha Shaw

■ That first week-end in the country under a high blue sky, with birds singing, the trees in bud, forsythia in bloom and the long drafts of clean fresh springtime air, is one of life's recurrent joys.

Our trek northward, to Eleanor's little house on a winding road, its sprawling yard rampant with lilies-of-the-valley and violets, had an objective — to plan an herb garden, an old fashioned English herb garden that would add pleasure to year-around living.

It would have mint, chives, dill, sage, summer savory, sweet marjoram, thyme, basil, verbenas, chevril and rosemary. Eleanor, leaning on the spade, pointed with pride and affection to the centuries old oak, the flowering honeysuckle bushes and the red dogwood transplanted from Indiana. Poking around in the oozy black dirt is a glorious start to the months of outdoor living ahead. From the dunelands on the south to Lake

Bluff on the north, growing herbs has become serious fun for householder and apartment gourmet alike, and we'd like to swap ideas — or herbs — with others exploring this side of cooking.

■ For those itinerants who *think* Paris in the spring, there is a thrill of pleasure in dining, particularly with children, in the *Cloud Room* at International Airport. Here one may watch the huge ships departing for three continents. There's a sweep of vision that for a few instants recalls the well-loved "Wind, Sand and Stars" by Antoine de Saint Exupery. One comes back to the refinements of tea and Lady Baltimore cake happier for the momentary soaring. Or in this hangar-dining room there's the buffet breakfast crowded with travelers watching the evanescent fog yield. Families find the excitement of this world hub alive with pilots, mechanics, hostesses and gadabouts worth the

trip to the far Southwest Side. The dining room is under the aegis of Marshall Field's and serves the favorite Chicken Parisienne, sandwich specialties, lobster Newburg, chicken pie, fine pastries and good coffee. Open daily from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. and on Sundays from 9 to 9.

■ The stately dwelling at 100 east Ontario street, where the inspired puppet opera is featured nightly, is unique in America. Here it is that the diner who has reservations may watch the full-length performance of the opera with favorite "Met" stars from the finest recordings, the whole illusion one of enchantment for both music lover and novice.

Kungsholm is an old-time favorite with those who like choice food in leisurely surroundings. The sumptuous and artistic ritual starts with *kara sillbite* (tantalizing herring), and for those who wish it, is accompanied by the native apertif or Swedish schnapps. After savoring morsel after morsel one concludes with Danish rum pudding and adjourns to the jewelbox theater to watch the puppets perform. Reservations are made with Fredrik Chramer, proprietor, far in advance, but in event of cancellation *Rigoletto* is scheduled April 26 to May 10 followed by *La Boheme*. This, also, is an experience for the whole family.

■ With the return of spring there are jaunts to the Morton Arboretum and Brookfield Zoo. Two or three years ago we called on Ralph Graham, assistant director of Brookfield, to see Pia and Pieter, baby orangutans, housed temporarily in cages in his office. He let the friendly Pia out, and we took her by the hand to the drinking fountain where she enjoyed a tin cup of water. At luncheon in the public refectory, open every day of the year and recently enhanced with animal murals drawn by Mr. Graham, we learned not only about animals but obtained the original formula for a superb East Indian curry full of subtleties. It was brought back by Mrs. Graham who traveled the Burma Road as an Army dietician at the time her husband captured Brookfield's prized rhinoceroses.

The Grahams' famous Indian buffet suppers, enjoyed by illustrious visitors to this country, are authentic to the last Indian cake used to sop up the gravy that is a blend of more than a dozen rare spices and condiments.

Mrs. Graham starts with a large chicken to stew, preferably a roaster because it is less fat. Much of the rich broth is saved for the gravy which is prepared two or three hours

before serving. The gravy is made, not as a white sauce, but by cooking the spices together with an adequate amount of broth and then thickening to a thinnish gravy. Mrs. Graham makes her own curry powder from small quantities of the following:

brown cumin seed	dry mustard
senugreek	2 whole cloves
ground turmeric	onion
coriander	Spanish saffron
cardamom	(from pharmacist)
bay leaf	onion
caraway seeds	salt
chili powder	pepper
fresh or dry ginger	poppy seeds
marjoram	celery seeds
fresh or powdered	½ teaspoon vinegar
garlic	

This simmers for about ten minutes and then is allowed to stand a few minutes before being thickened with half cornstarch and half flour. It is strained and big chunks of succulent chicken are added to the mixture. It stands until time to serve when it is seasoned to taste, adding salt, freshly ground black pepper, cayenne and a flick of garlic salt. It is served in a chafing dish—an exotic combination to pour over rice. Uncle Ben's rice is used and cooked without a cover and with less water than called for.

The garnishes contribute their own nuances and are grouped on the buffet in individual bowls, each a teaser—salted Spanish peanuts, crisp bacon crumbled in bits, minced hard-boiled eggs, chopped green onions, and Major Gray's chutney or Peacock's chutney if you can find it. On a platter are sliced cucumbers, tomatoes and bananas.

Mrs. Graham serves Indian bread, but says potato chips aren't too far afield. A green salad with oil and vinegar dressing and a sherbet of lime, lemon or pineapple concludes the meal. She warns not to over-season for unaccustomed palates—only for Indians or Americans who like highly seasoned dishes.

One day soon we will have the procedure for making an excellent curry with cheese curd, enjoyed by visiting Indians or those who don't like meat. Also the preparation of the Indian bread.

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BEN KRIT

Sir: At last a magazine about Chicago and Chicagoans. . . . It's captivating, fascinating, titilating, titivating. . . . You might like to know that in a scene of our theater-in-the-round production of "Hedda Gabler," Hedda is reclining on a sofa reading a copy of CHICAGO.

THEODORE V. KUNDRAT,
The House of Drama



Sir: I like it.

DENNIS C. ORPHAN

Sir: John Bartlow Martin did an excellent job of reporting in his account of the "Inquest" . . . His story described only one side of the picture, however, and I wish you would assign him to write an article discussing what is being done in Chicago to eliminate blight . . .

FRANK E. SIUDZINSKI,
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Sir: . . . You'll find our subscription in the mail next week (three babies and a little home keep our budget budgetized). Good luck and hope you'll be around for years.

MARY JEAN ARCUS,
Broadview

Sir: I read CHICAGO thru at one sitting. I see a great future for it. . . . John McGrath's "Strangely Like a Phoenix" is a masterpiece. . . . My blessings on you all!

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
The People's Church of Chicago

Sir: I was at first unimpressed by the format, but after reading changed my mind. . . . It does promise to become something greater. It needs more verve and dash. . . . I hope the magazine lives to be old and fat with whisky and corset ads, and does something to reinstate Chicago as another center of the world.

HAROLD V. WITT,
Reno, Nevada

Sir: If the first issue is prophetic of what's to come I don't want to miss it. . . . Mr. Cherry has done an excellent job. . . . I hope Elsa Kula's splendid work will appear often in the pages of CHICAGO.

LE ROY J. LAHMAN

Sir: Original and unique. You should do everything possible to keep this dream-child alive. . . . Chicago needs it and beyond Chicago it is needed. Our country needs it.

JESSE STUART,
Riverton, Ky.

Sir: As a new out-of-town reader I would like pieces on early Chicago, its gambling hells, rough times, stockyards, conventions, operas, and the big ones who made the big dough off the lake front. . . . There ought to be a great deal on Great Lakes shipping which I don't know about and would want to read. The lands north would interest me. . . .

DARRELL ST. CLAIRE,
Joint Committee on the Library
Congress of the United States,
Washington, D.C.

Sir: I have been a Chicagoan all my life, and I think that to put a cover like that (Albright, April) on a magazine called CHICAGO is infamous.

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BALLAD FOR MOTHER'S DAY

By Frances Hall

The husband goes to his mother,
Who calls him with her sighing.
The young wife sits alone by the fire,
Crying.

The young man has two hearthstones,
Two hounds waiting his whistle;
And well he knows the road between
Where the sparks fly fast and his
horse grows lean,
Where he shakes the hedge of its
roses clean
While his wife goes gathering thistle.

Cold in the night are the women
shawled
To watch at a gate, to stand and
listen,
Hearing a voice when none has called,
Seeing the late dews glisten;
And stars proceed and windows
darken
And still they harken.

Sorrow it is for the son man-grown,
With a man's need for mating,
Who yet must return to his mother's
knee.
And sorrow for her who'll not set free
Her child by her own abating.
Sorrow for all, these vanquished three:
The avid mother, the husband-son,
And the young wife waiting.



Drawing by Jack Nelson

MAIL BOX

Sir: My wife and I, and several guests, were analyzing CHICAGO over the weekend, and we agreed that we've never seen a magazine cover as good as your Albright cover on the April issue.

WARD BOWERS

Sir: You have done a fine job of selection, of editing the copy, and of keeping the tone brisk without permitting it to become mannered. "Strangely Like a Phoenix" is an excellent story and as remarkable a first effort as I have seen in years. . . . "West of the Water Tower" was crisp, entertaining reading even for a non-Chicagoan.

JAMES A. MAXWELL,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sir: This magazine simply represents the feeling of Chicago. . . . But even a diehard Chicagoan doesn't want everything labelled a chauvinistic "Chicago" and as time goes on it should widen its horizon. . . . "West of the Water Tower" is marvelous. . . . Illustrations excellent in the magazine, but too many small photos. We like big photos telling the story.

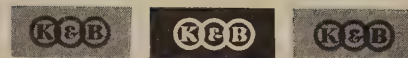
GRINNELL STUDENT '55

Sir: You could have—you did—knock me over with a feather, an aigrette. You bet I want you to send me a copy. . . . Idealists with money fascinate me. I [may write] a piece. Kicking very vaguely around is the fact that I refuse to be an ex-Chicagoan, that I love Chicago, that everybody who isn't a Chicagoan either hates or deprecates it, and that everybody is wrong.

MILTON MAYER,
Carmel, Calif.

Sir: The second issue is always the hardest, but judging by today's newsstand appearance, you've done it. Many of us feel a bit of ownership in the magazine ourselves. To a lot of us, Chicago is more than flesh and concrete; it's almost a dream. . . . Where are the voices, the visionaries who can project the idea of our town into a timeless form where it will remain on a par with the past? If your magazine is going to stay alive, you'll have to find these people. You'll have to stand behind them and push. . . . Chicago journalism works that way. It's either strong or it dies. I hope you live.

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A SCREAM OF SILENCE

(Continued from page 33)

I nodded my head. "Sure. What's it all about? What do you have on him?"

Wilcox handed me a folder, and busied himself at his desk while I leafed thru it. Its main content was a report prepared by one Walter O'Malley, an officer attached to the detective bureau, who had been assigned to investigate the disappearance of Walter Hillyer, an insurance underwriter with offices on Jackson boulevard and a residence in Lake county, Indiana. Mr. Hillyer had left his office on a Thursday night, presumably to drive home for a long weekend; he had not been seen or heard from since. The police both in Lake county and in Chicago were notified by Mrs. Hillyer on Saturday morning, but nothing was turned up until the following Thursday, when an abandoned Packard, which proved to be Hillyer's, was located by the Peoria police in a garage in that city.

Officer O'Malley, who was instructed to follow up on the case, found fingerprints on the car which were identified in the Chicago police files as those of a minor but vicious hoodlum whose name was Nick Calas. His photograph was given to a Peoria police squad, and in a routine check on transients they located Calas at a motel outside the city. He was brought to the Peoria police station, where O'Malley questioned him.

■ Calas admitted he had been driving the automobile, but claimed that he had bought it from someone in Chicago he couldn't identify. He denied ever having seen Hillyer — or Hillyer's wallet, which was found wedged down behind the front seat of the car, empty. Finally, Calas said he wouldn't talk any further until he had seen a lawyer. He was taken back to Chicago for further questioning, which was unsuccessful.

There were some further routine observations, which wound up the report. When I had finished reading it, Wilcox put it inside a desk drawer.

"I see the Chief of Detectives from time to time," Wilcox told me, "and

when I saw him two or three days ago, he had just finished sweating it out with his staff about Calas. The man's as surely guilty as a man can be shown to be without his own confession or the body of his victim. And they can put him away for stealing the automobile in any case. But without the body or a confession, they can't convict him of murder.

"I went home and thought it over. Generally speaking, I only use a lie detector in certain private services, and where people under suspicion are willing to be tested. But — the idea hit me suddenly — suppose we could force Calas to reveal the whereabouts of his victim by using the lie detector? A court might throw out any confession obtained that way, but it couldn't ignore the body. And then I got the idea that I might make Calas confess even if he didn't talk. I phoned the Chief of Detectives that night, talked to him some more about it yesterday, and he agreed to give me a try."

"And just how," I asked, "are you going to go about it?"

"That's what you're going to see right now." Wilcox went to the door of the back room, and threw it open. I followed him inside.

■ The suspect was sitting on a chair against the wall, handcuffed between two detectives. At a word from Wilcox, one of the latter unlocked the handcuff on Calas's left wrist, and went to stand by the door. The other got up too, tugging at Calas's wrist to make him rise, and then led the way to a large metal chair, with concave grooves in its board arms, which stood in front of a barred window. Wires led from various parts of it to a large box arrangement of dials and automatic graph-writers. While Wilcox fiddled with it, I took a long look at Calas.

What I saw was a stocky figure of a man, short-legged, deep-chested, with a sallow, waxlike complexion. Calas's bushy hair and eyebrows were black, like his eye-pupils, and his closely shaven chin and jaws were

dark, sharpening the contrast with the pallor of his forehead and cheeks. I had the feeling that this pallor was accentuated by fatigue and strain. Calas was half dead from lack of sleep, and if he had been left to himself, might have simply slumped back in the chair and closed his eyes.

But what struck most was a kind of detachment in his expression. He looked as tho, having made up his mind not to talk, he had sealed his lips for good. He offered no resistance to being put in the chair, and paid no attention when Wilcox busied himself fixing wired rubber attachments to his arms, chest and fingers. But there was nothing somnambulistic about him; he was aware of every move made, and had steeled himself once and for all not to give.

It was easy to understand why: Calas had no gang connections. If he were definitely linked to the murder of Hillyer, he was almost certain to end in the electric chair.

■ From a cabinet in the room, Wilcox took out what appeared to be a collection of cards, about the size of a sheet of writing paper, and dropped them on a small table next to the lie detector. Calas, his eyes fixed on the wall opposite, did not glance at them, nor at Wilcox, as the latter stood next to him, offered a cigarette which Calas ignored, and asked:

"Just for the sake of the record, let's start with your name. What is it?"

No answer.

"Nobody's going to keep you in jail for telling us your name. Besides, we know it already. It's Calas — Nicholas Calas. Is that right?"

No answer.

"You say you're not guilty of anything. If that's right, you have nothing to be afraid of in answering questions. Besides, I'm not in the police, in case you think I am. Do you know what my job is?"

Wilcox went on talking for several minutes. He talked casually, not always asking questions, trying to coax a yes or no answer out of Calas, or just a nod or shake of the head. He

might have been talking to the wall. The man sat there, his bloodless lips compressed, his blue jaw steady, occasionally blinking or shifting his eyes from wall to floor to wall. It would have been easy to imagine that he was a mute, or deaf.

After a while, Wilcox changed his line; he appeared to get angry. He ran sneeringly over Calas's police record, his aliases, his underworld connections. He talked about the women Calas had associated with, including one he had married, and asked: "Tell me, Calas, is it true that you first met her in a call house?"

Insulting this man was as useless as coaxing him. The needles on the recording face of the lie detector fluctuated only within the range of a normal pulse beat, respiration rate and perspiration index.

■ Wilcox paused for a moment to light a fresh cigarette. "Look, Calas, I can keep you here all day — and all night, too, for that matter — or you can be out of that chair in two minutes. All I want you to do is answer five questions I'm going to ask you, yes or no. I'm not going to take down the answers, so there won't be any record of them. And when I've asked them, I'm finished. Is that a bargain?"

Calas looked at the floor.

Wilcox shrugged his shoulders, drew up a chair, and went on asking questions. Few of them had anything to do with the crime for which Calas was being held, and most of them were inconsequential. On the faces of the two detectives a look of curiosity had given way to one of boredom.

Suddenly Wilcox got up from the chair in which he had been sitting. "People like you go into crime not because they are too stupid for anything else," he went on saying in a pedantic way, "but to make a living, just the way other people go into business. That's where my interest in a person like you comes in, Calas. I'm not interested in the police angle of it at all. Do you see what I mean? My approach is a scientific one . . ."

Still talking, Wilcox had picked up one of the folders lying on the table. He opened it up so that we could see that it was a map. Abruptly, he placed it just at the level of Calas's downward gaze at the floor, and said:

"We know from Hillyer's regular itinerary that you could have gotten into his car, and robbed and killed him, in any one of three states he normally travelled in. And we also have the maps of those states which he carried in the glove compartment of his car. Incidentally, they have your fingerprints on them. This" — and he held it steady before Calas's



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eyes — "is the map of Wisconsin from Hillyer's car. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Wisconsin?"

While he held the map where Calas could not avoid looking at it, Wilcox's eyes darted toward the graphs where the man's pulse, breathing and perspiration rate were being recorded. Their normal steady rhythm had perhaps quickened a bit, to Wilcox's practiced eye, but that was all; it meant nothing except an increase in alarm and tense watchfulness on Calas's part.

■ Now the criminologist folded up the map, resuming his casual talk, but as he did so he picked up another map and opened it out. He held it horizontally a foot in front of Calas, who had raised his head slightly so that he was gazing directly at the wall, and said:

"You know this map, too, Calas. It's got your fingerprints on it. It's a map of Indiana. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Indiana?"

Calas stared stonily at the map, then dropped his eyes indifferently to the floor. The graphs moved only in steady, slightly quickened rhythm.

Wilcox dropped the second map on the table and picked up a third.

"There was another map in the Packard, Calas. I've got it here; take a look at it. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Illinois?"

Calas, because his eyes had no escape, looked at the map. His head jerked slightly to the left, he turned his gaze for a moment to the locked door, and then it was somehow dragged back to the map.

I noticed this, but Wilcox did not; his eyes were fixed on the lie detector graphs. A faint smile thinned his lips. The pulse record had made a full stop, for an instant. Then it raced. The index of Calas's breathing climbed sharply and his perspiration rate rose.

Wilcox pulled a small photograph

from his pocket and shoved it in the line of Calas's vision.

"There he is, Calas. That's a photograph of Walter Hillyer. You murdered him in Illinois, didn't you?"

An expression came into Calas's eyes as of a man who is trying to look at something without seeing it — to stare thru it. But the pen which was recording his pulse beat sent a jagged, stammering line of panic across the graph, and his breathing quickened again.

Wilcox flipped the third map onto the table, and picked up another folder. It contained a series of maps — one for every county in the state of Illinois.

"You know most of Illinois like a book, Calas, and particularly between here and Peoria. I happen to know that. You operated out of Peoria as a heister in the Twenties. I doubt if there's a back road between here and Peoria that you couldn't find your way over at night, or a county you don't know your way around. Let's see if I'm right."

■ He thrust one of the maps in front of Calas.

"Let's assume you murdered Hillyer in Illinois, Calas. We don't know yet how you did it, but that can wait. Right now, we'd just like to know where it happened. This is a map of Woodford county: you know it, Calas. Most of the roads from Chicago to Peoria pass thru it and go over one of the bridges across the Illinois river, into Peoria. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer somewhere in Woodford county, Calas?"

Beads of perspiration gathered on Calas's forehead and upper lip; his right lip twitched. Wilcox saw the perspiration; it was written on the graphs in a suddenly rising curve. But he merely put the Woodford county map away and picked up another.

"I would have bet it wasn't Woodford," he remarked to Calas, con-

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versationally, "too many main roads, too much traffic. Risky even at night. Not a nice, quiet place for a murder, is it, Calas? Same problem up Route 29, along the west side of the river — towns and traffic. Now if you could have gotten Hillyer, either by telling him about a short cut or by sticking a gun in his ribs, to take one of the back roads which cut straight toward Chicago thru Livingston county — that's a different matter. County roads, not much traffic, especially at night. Easy to get out of sight. Not a bad place to kill a man, and not a bad place to hide his body."

He thrust the map under Calas's nose. "Did you kill Mr. Hillyer in Livingston county?"

■ The graphs began to weave their stammering, drunken lines even before Calas looked at the map. His face still remained impassive, but now not his eyes. In their hollow sockets they began suddenly to flit, flit, flit. The tic twisted the left side of his mouth and inexorably something brought his eyes to fasten on the map. He held them there, and held himself in a tight impassivity, except for his eyes and the side of his mouth, staring with a tense look at the map.

Wilcox looked at the jagged notations on the graphs, and said aloud, but as tho to himself: "We can pin him down here." He put aside the map he had shown to Calas, and picked up a bigger one. It was another map of the same county, Livingston, but it showed roads and towns in much greater detail.

"You're cracking up, Calas," Wilcox said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You can't keep this up. I'm going to hold this map well away from your eyes. You don't have to look at it if you don't want to. But there's only one good road that you can take thru Livingston county to Chicago. That's Route 66 — goes right thru Pontiac. Somewhere along that road, you

either killed Mr. Hillyer, or else you turned off the road to do it. I'm going to take you over every mile of that road, and we'll see if you don't tell us where you murdered him, whether you talk or not. I'm going to do it, if it takes me all day and all night. Do you get it?" He paused a moment, cruelly. "Do you begin to see what's happening to you, Calas?"

At that moment the prisoner hunched forward, twisting with his powerful shoulders against the straps which held him in the lie-detector. The two detectives, whose expressions had changed from boredom to electric interest, were on him in a second; they clamped him back into the chair, and he held himself rigidly in the position into which they had forced him, a voiceless sigh seeping between the white creases of his lips. Then his face went blank again.

■ Wilcox took a quick look at the graphs, and then crouched beside Calas, shoving the map urgently into his line of vision. "This is the main highway thru Livingston county," he said. "It goes thru Pontiac, and for somebody heading for Chicago, via Joliet, there's no other way to go. I'm going to show you a map of every township and every intersection it goes thru, and then I'm going to ask you one question: did you murder Mr. Hillyer at this crossroad?"

There was a tearing moment of silence. Then —

"That," said Wilcox as he straightened up, "really did it."

We were suddenly watching a vile nightmare — the nightmare of standing by and watching a man in his collapse. Tho Calas did not realize exactly what had happened to him, or how he had been tricked into it, he knew now for certain not only that he had betrayed himself, but that he was going to betray himself further — to the edge of Walter Hillyer's grave in a ditch, to his own sear-

ing moment in the electric chair. This was happening to him, even tho he had not said a word. He had held out against sleeplessness, questioning, and whatever kicks and cuffs the police might have given him. He had known that if he opened his mouth he was damned, and that if he said nothing, he would have a chance. He hung on, with only a few hours of restless sleep snatched here and there, thru the days and nights. Despite that, Wilcox, and this apparatus to which he had been strapped, were dragging out of him somehow — out of his very silence — the road he had travelled that night with the dead man in the dead man's car, right up to the place and moment where . . .

Calas sobbed. His sobs came in rasps, heavy and long-drawn out, hoarse and weary. Between the sobs he cursed, hoarsely, feebly, monotonously. He slumped with his elbows braced against the arms of the chair, and his head bent down, in the exasperation of his panic and fatigue. His legs were twisted but rigid, one over the other.

The breakup of someone vicious but tough is a shaking spectacle. I turned away to light a cigarette, until the detectives, at a motion from Wilcox, who had been coldly holding them back and looking down at Calas, pulled his crossed legs apart and propped him up in the chair. They held him there until Wilcox motioned them back.

"Okay," Wilcox said brutally, "Calas is going to tell us about the rest of his trip thru Livingston county."

It went quickly from then on.

The sweat filmed out on Calas's face, and blotted itself on his shirt at the neck and shoulders. His powerful fingers clenched the armrests of the chair. He sat bolt upright, leaning forward and panting, and glared — like a murderer — at Wilcox and at no one else. He never said a word.

■ But he could not keep his eyes away from the little maps which Wilcox was showing him.

He could play deaf, he could play dumb; he may have withstood beatings, lights in his eyes and a sleep continually interrupted for further questioning. But he could not close his eyes to the game of life-and-death to which Wilcox had invited him. Something within him kept his eyes open, and dragged his gaze from the walls, from the floor, from the ceiling, from Wilcox's face, every time a new map was held out in front of him, showing the stretch of road that ran southwest to northeast, across the prairie flats of Livingston county.

Wilcox had shown about a dozen

maps, watching the readings on the graphs for each one as he did so, when he stopped. He put aside those which he had not yet shown, and presented Calas a second time with one which the man had just looked at. As he did so, Wilcox pointed to an intersection on it. "The Penhill road, Calas," he said, "the last road you get to before you get out of the county." He moved his pencil below the intersection—southwest on the map. "Tell me, did you kill Mr. Hillyer before you got to Penhill road?"

Calas's agitation had forced the graph readings higher than they had been at first; but there was no marked change now. Wilcox moved his pencil to the north side of the intersection.

"Did you kill Mr. Hillyer after you passed the intersection?"

The readings for pulse, breathing and sweat suddenly shot up.

"That's right, Calas," said Wilcox approvingly, just as tho he were cajoling a fretful child. Wilcox's hand, holding the pencil, moved up the road, northeast. "Tell me, did you kill him after you passed Penhill road?"

And the readings shot up higher.

Wilcox moved his finger across the map, following the highway up toward Joliet.

"Not after?" He held the pencil pointing at the road, while Calas stared, panting, at the map. The readings on the graphs kept up their nervous dance. Wilcox, who had looked puzzled for a moment, hesitated; then for the first time a light smile broke across his face.

"Tell me something, Calas," he went on. "After you murdered him, you must have buried him some place. You're too smart to have just dumped him out, and besides, one way or another, the body would have been found by now. So you must have stopped the car and buried him some place. Did you bury him on the left side of the road?"

There was no response from Calas, and no confession etched on the red ink of the charts.

Wilcox's hand moved across the road and paused.

"Did you dump him out and bury him on the right side of the road?"

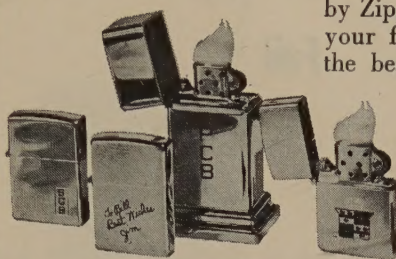
There was a moment's pause, while Wilcox looked at the leaping lines of ink on the graphs. Then he looked at Calas, and afterwards up at the two detectives and me. He stood up from his crouching position beside the suspect, threw the pencil on the small table beside the lie-detector, and said:

"That's all, Calas. You've told me all I want to know." In a voice which had suddenly become tired, he said to the detectives: "Somewhere along the right side of the road, you'll find

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the body. It shouldn't be hard. It's only a mile and a half, two miles at most between Penhill road and the county line. He couldn't have buried the body very deep, or covered it up very well, working alone at night. He might not even have had a shovel. In fact," he said as an afterthought, "let's find out if there's a hardware store or something of the sort along in there, where somebody like Calas came in and bought a shovel. That would really clinch it . . ."

"Look out," I shouted.

Calas had pulled himself out of the chair, but he did not go for Wilcox nor for the door. Cursing, he threw himself on the lie detector, and began tearing like a maniac at the pens and assorted dials on its face. He clung to it with both fists until one of the detectives pulled a billy out and rapped him across the back of the skull.

■ I had stepped into this scene by pure accident, in the course of what I had thought was a routine call. But for the rest of the day, back in the City Room, I couldn't master my impatience to find out whether Calas's unspoken confession had been as real as Wilcox had made it seem. Finally, just before going home, I put thru a call to the county police station in Livingston county. In less than a minute, the sergeant who answered the phone had Wilcox on the wire.

"It paid off," Bennett Wilcox said, without waiting to be asked, as soon as he recognized my voice. "And even quicker than I expected. I figured the best place to start was half-way between the Penhill road intersection and the county line. We dragged Calas along, and it turned out that we stopped about two hundred yards from where he had buried the body. One of those pure flukes that happen. When he saw where we were, he figured that somehow or other I knew just where the body was. That

washed him up. He took us right to it. Buried about forty feet from the road, in a little grove of trees, and only about a foot deep. We would have found it in no time anyway, with the dogs. What's more, one of the cops checked with the stores along the road and found a general store about fifty miles back. The clerk sold a shovel just before closing time to a man answering Calas's description.

"My guess is that we'll get a signed confession out of Calas when he comes to. He passed out on the way back to the station with the body, and it doesn't look as tho he'll come around again for quite a while."

Other criminologists, who admire Wilcox's unique feat, think that the criminal's unusual toughness itself explains, in a paradoxical way, why it was possible to trap him with the lie detector despite his silence. The ordinary culprit, they say, would have gotten so panic-stricken that every question asked, no matter how innocent, might have brought a violent reaction in pulse beat, sweat discharge and electrical responses from the brain. It would have been impossible to read anything significant out of the graphs, whether the questions were answered or not. It was Calas's very self-control that resulted in the lie detector giving amazingly regular and normal readings — up to the point where the automatic responses of his body betrayed him as Wilcox brought him closer and closer, on the maps, to the approximate scene of his crime. During the map journey back to his murder, even this iron-minded criminal could not maintain control over his own secret reflexes.

But Wilcox was mistaken about getting a confession. He even failed to see his man convicted. Calas swallowed poison a week before he was to go on trial. The police think it was probably smuggled to him by his wife.

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Why

Reformers

Fail

(Continued from page 25)

operating in the same manner, condemning him (the politician) while condoning what they and their friends are doing.

"What's wrong with a little commercial Syndicate-protected gambling?" some people ask. It's wrong because we lose. We, the people, lose because we don't get what we want, and we cannot get what we want as long as parts of our city government are subject to the Syndicate. We lose because our neighborhoods decay. And they decay if building inspectors can be bought. The area you live in can decay if zoning changes are for sale. We lose if some police are busier collecting and protecting than patrolling. Our city decays when money which should go for better garbage collection, more street lights, fewer plugged-up sewers, is diverted to unneeded bridgetenders, phantom crews, or unneeded bailiffs. We lose if violators of housing laws are not relentlessly pursued, in or out of court. Our neighborhoods decay because the leaders of the city either are not interested, or don't know what to do — and to a vicious few it is profitable to let our neighborhoods decay.

Only when the average Chicagoan becomes aware of the price he is paying for corrupt government, favoritism and waste, in terms of his neighborhood and living conditions, will a new-type, effective movement for a better Chicago be successfully born. And no sooner!

This, then, is the first objective. But the big job, the tough one, the only one which will bring back confidence in local government, whether in Chicago or elsewhere, is the job of making a new, thoro appraisal of the sprawling mass of governments that make up the Chicago region. We should start at home, at the polls, to get top leadership into office. Then we must get expanded city powers, consolidated governments, better methods of financing, clear lines of authority, and a political system devoted to the welfare of all. We are fooling ourselves if we think we can settle for less.

SHOPPING BY MAIL

Stainless steel is replacing silver flatware and holloware, in many homes. The practical reasons for this are obvious: stainless is incredibly durable; it needs no polishing; won't discolor; won't scratch or tarnish. The Swedish firm, Gense, has added to these matter-of-fact advantages excellence of design. Gense makes table ware with painstaking craftsmanship and new techniques of hand polishing and finishing. "Facette" is one of the newest Gense patterns. The lines are graceful and simple enough to blend with traditional or contemporary decor, constant enough to resist the caprice of fashion. Six piece place setting, \$8.50, postpaid. Order #800A from Leonard Linn, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka, Ill.

A play tray will solve the vexing problem of how to keep a convalescent child entertained. It is a 13" x 20" tray for meals and a table for seven games. A map of the U.S.A. is lithographed in color on the sturdy metal tray which stands 7" high on folding legs. Includes magnetic planes, boats, racing cars and two dice; instructions for playing alone or with partners come with the tray. \$3.95 postpaid. Order "play tray" #GC6677, from Miles Kimball, Kimball bldg., Oshkosh, Wis.

A gift assortment of salad dressings is an intriguing package to send to a friend or oneself. Honey Bear Farm has put up three varieties of their tangy concoctions: H.B. herb dressing, H.B. French dressing, H.B. honey dressing. Added to this group as a bonus to the palate is the very special H.B. honey — fresh, smooth and lush. These four items come packeted in ½ pt. jars. All for \$3.00. Order Honey Bear Dressings, gift assortment, Honey Bear Farm, Genoa City, Wis.

The Featherweight Portable Ironing Ensemble answers several pressing problems. It is a convenience alike for the woman who sews but keeps her standard ironing board in another part of the house, and for the traveler who drives long distances. The ensemble consists of an all metal ventilated board, 12" x 36", with quilted cotton pad and plastic cover. Attached is a cord, 6 ft. long, which plugs into a wall outlet; an outlet for an electric iron is built into the board. This ingenious device permits ironing to be done efficiently with minimum exertion. The board stands on folding legs about 6" high, may be used on any table surface. \$6.95 postpaid, plus 2% tax in Ill. Order #CH920. Glasscraft, P.O. Box 72, Evanston, Ill.

A useful item to have on the shelf is the Zenith Tibet Almond Stick which will repair scratches and marks on furniture. Just rub it on and the marks disappear. \$1.00, postpaid. At Glasscraft.

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